

THE ILLUSTRATED  
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NEWS

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### CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ending Jan.

Monday, Jan. 7th. Christmas Festivities continued—Grand Pantomime, SLEEPING BEAUTY, Wieland's Entertainment, Dr. Lynn's Living Marionettes, Gonzal's Wonderful Troupe, Telephone.

Tuesday, Jan. 8th. In addition to above the Annual Show by the Pristonic Society.

Wednesday, Jan. 9th. Society.

MONDAY TO FRIDAY, ONE SHILLING. SATURDAYS, HALF-A-CROWN; or by Season Ticket.

### ROYAL AQUARIUM. GRAND HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of entertainments, will this year surpass all other rival establishments. Doors open at 11. Admission One Shilling.

11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Laplanders, Men and Women, Reindeer, Sledges, Dogs, etc. The Chimpanzee, Pongar, the Sacred Monkey, the Abyssinian Snake Charmer, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas. The Aquarium (finest in the world) the New Seal Tank, George Cruikshank's Collections, War Sketches of the Illustrated London News.

2.30. The Grand Christmas Pantomime, A FROG HE WOULD A WOING GO, in the Theatre. The Pantomime of the season.

3.0. First Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.

5.30. Zazel, the marvellous.

7.30. Second performance of the Gorgeous Pantomime in the Theatre.

8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.

10.30. Zazel's Second Performance.

The Matthew's Minstrels, original C. C. C. of St. James's Hall, specially engaged, afternoon and evening; Etbardo, the Spiral Ascensionist, Benedetti, the Sword Swallower, Vol Bequai's pupils, Inca, from Peru, Leon, the Contortionist, the Great Japanese troupe, the Dare Brothers, Sextillion. Perform afternoon and evening. The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day.

The Daily and Weekly Papers say: Mr. Robertson has again provided a Pantomime as full of go and fun as last year. A FROG HE WOULD A WOING GO is one of the distinct successes of the season; no praise is too high for the admirable way in which the Aquarium Pantomime has been placed on the stage. Scenery and dresses are superb, and the acting throughout far above the average. The enthusiasm evoked in the Corridor Scene when troupe after troupe of different nationalities succeed each other is unbounded; the music is well chosen; the dresses bright; the acting first-rate, and the scenery marvellous. Every child should, in any case see A FROG HE WOULD A WOING GO. The Harlequinade is the funniest and best of the year. Paulo the Clown is certainly the clown of clowns.

### MASKELYNE AND COOKE, EGYPTIAN

HALL, LONDON.—In compliance with the advice of Mr. Maskelyne's physician, three of the popular morning performances in each week have been given up, and the arrangement is now as follows: Every Evening at 8. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at 3. No Matinee on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Jan. 7th, 9th, and 11th.—W. Morton, Manager.

## THEATRES.

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Every Evening during the Week, will be produced the Grand Christmas Comic Pantomime, THE WHITE CAT, by E. L. Blanchard, scenery by W. Beverley, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in London. Double Harlequinade. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

### THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.—

EVERY EVENING, and till further notice, PUSS IN BOOTS. Mdlle. Cavallazzi and Ballet of 300. Prices and Day Performances as usual. Box office open from 10 to 5 by Mr. Edward Hall. No fees.

### PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Miss HEATH as

Jane Shore.—150th Night. In consequence of the enormous success that has attended the revival of W. G. Wills's Drama, JANE SHORE, it will be repeated every Evening for a few weeks longer, with the following exceptional cast: Miss Heath, Messrs. C. Warner, W. Rignold, Howard Russell, &c., Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. R. Power, Misses Illington, Barry, Harvey, &c. Preceded, at seven, by OUT TO NURSE. Mr. Harry Jackson and Miss Fannie Leslie. Great Snow Scene (winter by night). NOTICE.—Due notice will be given of the production of ELFINELLA. Free List suspended.

### LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Mrs. Bateman.—Every Evening at 8.0, the LYONS MAIL; Mr. Henry Irving as Lesurques and Dubosc. Messrs. T. Mead, F. Clements, F. Tyars, Holland, Piner, R. C. Lyons, Archer, Huntley; Misses Virginia Francis, and Isabel Bateman. At 7, JUST MY LUCK. Concluding with DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. Box-office open from 10 to 5. Morning Performances of CHARLES THE FIRST on Saturdays, January 5th and 12th, at 2 p.m.

### THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Buckstone.—At 7.30 the farce HE LIES LIKE TRUTH. At 8.15, an original farcical Comedy by W. S. Gilbert, entitled ENGAGED, produced under the immediate direction of the Author. Last Nights. Mesdames Marion Terry, Julia Stewart, Lucy Buckstone, E. Thorne, J. Roselle, M. Harriss, Morelli, Harrison, etc. Messrs. Howe, F. Dewar, Kyrle, Crouch, Weathersby, Rivers, and George Honey (specially engaged). Doors open at 7. Box-office 10 to 5. Morning Performance of "Engaged," on Saturday next at 2.30.

### TURN OF THE TIDE (enormous success), by

F. C. BURNAND. Every Evening at 8. Preceded at 7, by A ROUGH DIAMOND. The most powerful company in London.—Box-office Hours 10 to 5. No Booking Fees. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

### CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. 272ND NIGHT OF PINK DOMINOS.

Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Edgar Bruce, J. Clarke, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris. Mesdames Fanny Josephs, M. Davis, Eastlake, Rose Saker, E. Bruce.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

### FOLLY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. Immense success of the Special Christmas Novelty. Every Evening, at 7.30, PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY. Mr. W. J. Hill, in his original part. At 8.45, A NIGHT OF TERROR, a Musical Madness, in Three Fyttes. "Flat Burglary" as ever was committed." From the French, by Charles Wyndham and Arthur Matthison. Supported by Messrs. W. J. Hill. C. Ashford, P. Day, Dalton, and John Howson; Mesdames Katrine Munroe, Violet Cameron, &c. Musical Director, Mr. Edward Solomon. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

### ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Production

of a Grand Christmas Burlesque. Every Evening at 7.30 the New Comedy, FAMILY TIES. Messrs. Wigan, Marius, Cox, Grahame, &c. Mesdames Venne, Foster, Holme. After which (first time), THE LATEST EDITION OF THE RED ROVER. Messrs. Marius, Cox, Mitchell, Carter, &c. Mesdames Sanger, Venne, De Grey, &c., &c.

### OPERA COMIQUE.—THE SORCERER.—

Every Evening, at 8.45, this entirely new and original modern comic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Mdlles. Howard Paul, Giulia Warwick, H. Everard, and Irene Ware; Messrs. G. Benthams, Temple, Rutland Barrington, F. Clifton, and G. Grossmith, jun. At 8, DORA'S DREAM. Doors open at 7.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager for the Comedy-Opera Company (Limited).

### OPERA COMIQUE.—Eighth Morning Per-

formance of THE SORCERER, SATURDAY Next, Jan. 12th, at 2.30. After the opera, Mr. George Grossmith, Jun., will give his Musical Drawing-room Sketch, A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

### VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—956th

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron, (956th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Farren, Thorne, Garthorne, Bernard, Lestock, Austin and James. Mesdames Hollingshead, Bishop, Walters, Richards, Larkin, &c. Free list entirely suspended. N.B.—Morning Performances of OUR BOYS (by desire), This Day (Saturday), and Saturday, Jan. 12th, 19th, 26th, and Feb. 2nd.

### GLOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management

of Mr. E. RIGHTON. Mr. J. L. Toole in ARTFUL CARDS, last time at 8; followed by TRYING A MAGISTRATE and SPELLING BEE, preceded by 7 CRYPTO. Monday next, the CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. Morning performances every Saturday. SATURDAY THIS DAY at 2.30, Mr. Toole in the SPITALFIELDS WEAVER, ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS, and ROBERT MACAIRE. Saturday next, the Toole and Righton Matinee.

### ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE.

Every Evening, punctually at 8.15, will be performed an original Comedy of modern life, in Five Acts, entitled THE HOUSE OF DARNLEY, written by Lord Lytton (Author of "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," "Money," &c.). Characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss B. Henri, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. Titheradge, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Hare. The scenery has been painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford. Box-office hours, 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.

### NEW ROYALTY.—Lessee and Manageress

Miss Kate Santley.—74th Night of LA MARJOLAINE. The new song, "That's the way I do it," and "She lost her way," sung by Miss Kate Santley, and encored nightly. Every Evening at 8.30, Lecoq's celebrated comic opera, LA MARJOLAINE. Miss Kate Santley. Supported by Miss Rose Cullen, &c.; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, Mervin, and Lionel Brough. Preceded at 7.30 by a New Farcical Comedy, called LOVE'S ALARMS, in which Mr. Lionel Brough will sustain the principal character. Box office open from 11 till 5 daily.

### ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Every Evening at 8 o'clock, will be presented an entirely new Fairy Musical and Pantomimic Extravaganza, in three acts, and fourteen tableaux, entitled "WILDFIRE," by H. B. Farnie and R. Reece, supported by the following talented artists—Misses Pattie Laverne, Lennox Grey, Emma Chambers, A. Newton, L. Robson, &c.; Messrs. Harry Paulton, F. Hall, J. H. Ryley, C. Power, and Henry Nordblom. THREE GRAND BALLETS. Danseuses, Mdlles. Pertoldi, Gillert, Mons. A. Josset and the whole of the Corps de Ballet.—Musical Director, Mons. G. Jacobi.

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Samuel Hayes.—Open for the Season for New and Old Comedies. Miss Ada Cavendish (her farewell engagement previous to her departure for America. Supported by a powerful cast. Commence at 8. No fees of any description.

### QUEEN'S THEATRE.—FATHERLAND.—

An adaptation of Sardou's great historical drama, "Patrie," every Evening at 8. The Duke of Alva, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Count Rysoor, Mr. Arthur Stirling; Karloo, Mr. Brooke; Jonas, Mr. Shiel Barry; Lord Wharton, Mr. Billington; the Prince of Orange, Mr. Warren; Delrio, Mr. Vollaie; Vargas, Mr. Dolman; Noircames, Mr. Norman; Rincon, Mr. Fenton; Michel, Mr. Gurney; Navarra, Mr. Lingham; Cordilla, Mr. Andrews; Donna Inez (Alva's daughter), Miss Maud Milton; Dolares (Rysoor's wife), Miss Henrietta Hodson. Scene, Bruxelles, 1569. Act I.—Shrove Tuesday, 6 p.m., The Old Meat Market. Act II.—9 p.m. Scene 1st. Rysoor's House. Scene 2nd. The City Moat. Act III.—11 p.m., Alva's Palace. Act IV.—12 p.m., The Town Hall. Act V.—Ash-Wednesday, 11 a.m., Bruxelles, Bridge over the Canal. Preceded, at 7.30, by a Farce. Doors open at 7. Box-office open from 11 till 5. No charge for booking.

### ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, W. Holland.—Another Glorious Success.—The Pantomime is emphatically declared again the best. The Daily Telegraph says: "The annual Pantomime at the Surrey has so grown in proportion and beauty that it has come to be considered one of the best sights of the holiday season." The Grand Christmas Pantomime has been written expressly for this theatre by Frank W. Green, entitled DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT; or, Harlequin Beau Bell, Gog and Magog, and the Rats of Rats' Castle. The pantomimes at this theatre are always acknowledged the best, both by the public and the Press, and this season outdoes all its predecessors. Miss Topsy Venn as Dick, Miss Nellie Moon as Alice, Minnie Marshall as Beau Belle, Nellie Vane as the Captain, Minnie Venn as Taut, Lilly de Vere, Lilly Stone, Tilly Clare, A. Clarke, Florence Hall, M. Russell, &c.; H. Taylor as the Idle Apprentice, A. Williams as Betsabella, the Cook, C. Pearson (the Sussex dwarf) as Chumpo, the cat by David Abrahams, J. Keeling, the King of Barbary, Brothers Le Free, Albert De Voy, G. Reeves, F. Hinde, E. Prior, W. Brunton, &c. Two Grand Ballets, arranged by the principal danseuses, the Sisters Elliot. The grand procession of the Lord Mayor's Show will be the sight of London. New scenery by C. Brooks and numerous assistants. Clown, the inimitable Tom Lovell. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 2. Children half price to all parts of the house at morning performances. Box-office is now open at theatre, places booked free, and at the West-end and City Libraries. Prices:—Gallery, 6d.; pit, 1s.; boxes, 2s.; dress circle, 3s.; stalls, 5s.; private boxes, from one to three guineas. Bonnets allowed. Commence at 7. The synopsis of the Pantomime sent free on receipt of stamped envelope.

### SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE, WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE-ROAD.

Every Afternoon at 2, and every Evening at 7, the Grand Christmas Double Pantomime, written by W. M. Akhurst, Esq., entitled WHITTINGTON AND HIS WONDERFUL CAT; OR, HARLEQUIN JOHNNY GILPIN AND HIS RIDE TO EDMONTON. The twelve magnificent Scenes executed by those eminent Artists, Messrs. Daves and Caney. The whole Pantomime emphatically pronounced to be the best ever produced in any London theatre. Success unprecedented; the triumph complete. Those whose intention it is to witness a pantomime for the purpose of enjoying a good hearty laugh, should see this, the funniest of all similar entertainments. The whole production in excellent working order. The comic business terminating with the Siege, Storming, and Fall of Kars by the Juvenile Armies. TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY—every Afternoon at 2, and Evening at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 4. Prices:—Private Boxes from £1 11s. 6d. to £5 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes and Pit Stalls, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Doors open Half Hour before each Performance. Acting Managers Messrs. Sidney Cooper and Charles E. Stewart. Stage Manager, Mr. W. Holland. Secretary, Mr. Browning. Proprietors, Messrs. John and George Sanger.

### NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

BISHOPSGATE.—The Grand New Pantomime, THE ENCHANTED PRINCE; OR, BEAUTY AND THE BEARS. Morning Performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1 o'clock. Children under 10 half-price to all parts. Every Evening at 7.

### NEW GRECIAN THEATRE,

City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.

MORNING PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME every Monday and Wednesday. Private Boxes and Stalls for both morning and evening performances, can be booked at the Theatre and all libraries a month in advance. Every evening at 7 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry; entitled, HARLEQUIN ROLEY POLEY; OR, EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER, AND THE CHARMED UMBRELLA. Characters by Messrs. Geo. Conquest, Herbert Campbell, H. Nicholls, Geo. Conquest, junr., &c. Misses Maud Stafford, Mabel Verner, M. A. Victor, Denvil, Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Sisters Spiller. Daring Phantom Fight by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Son. Acting Manager, Mr. A. Roques.

### BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening until further notice at 6.45, the Immensely Successful New Christmas Pantomime called ROMNEY GROBS; OR, THE TAIL OF A CAT. Alaine by Mrs. S. Lane. Miss Pollie Randall, Mr. Fred Foster. Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Rhoyds, Hyde. Mdlles. Summers, Rayner, Brewer, Mrs. Newham. Grand Transformation Scene. Ballet and Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with MAN'S TALISMAN. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Wray, Drayton, Reeve, Towers. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Pettifer.

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**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.** ONCE IN A CENTURY, by Gilbert A. Beckett. After which a Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "A MUSICAL ALMANAC." To conclude with A Fairy Vision called OUR NEW DOLLS' HOUSE. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.

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**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME having proved the Greatest Success of the Season WILL BE REPEATED EVERY NIGHT at 8. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 3 also. Doors open for the Day Performances at 2.30; for the Evening ditto at 7.15. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s. and 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees. No Charge for programmes.

**THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS,** Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s. on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The new lion house is now open. Among the latest additions are a herd of fine reindeer, a red wolf from Buenos Ayres, and a family of Gelada monkeys.

**EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES in OIL, DUDLEY GALLERY,** Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is OPEN DAILY from 10 till 5. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d. R. F. McNAIR, Secretary.

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THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878.

We have received on behalf of the Julius Cæsar fund, a donation of £1 from Mr. E. S. E. Hartopp, an old cricketer, who has more than once taken the field against poor old Juley. We hope that Mr. Hartopp's example may prove extensively contagious. We have nothing to say against the Grace Testimonial—far otherwise—but intending contributors thereto might divide their favours, and give "one moiety, or half part" of their Grace subscription to Julius. Remember, he is in sore need.

1877. 1878.

"THERE'S a new foot on the floor, and a new face at the door." The bridge which unites two years has been crossed. We have entered upon another twelvemonth's campaign. We are done with 1877, and, in the antique spirit of time-service, cry hail to his infant brother! 'Tis scarcely necessary to observe that this tritely metaphorical method of treating so well-worn a theme as the Death of the Old Year and the Advent of the New might be carried to almost any extent. The temptation to adopt such treatment is strong, but, in the presence of an obligation which appears to us alike due to our readers and ourselves, it must be stoutly resisted. Let us say a few words about our past—and future. The Old Year has "lived with us so steadily," we say good-bye with regret. To few persons is the act of passing from December to January of graver import than to those who are concerned in the regular production of a newspaper. It is, therefore, to us a source of deep satisfaction to feel when we, as it were, take stock of 1877, that never from the moment "the wild bells rang out to the wild sky" has the year proved other than a steadfast friend to this journal. Our strengthening march has been continuous. Our home-circulation has vastly increased. In the United States of America, notwithstanding the impudent rivalry of a native counterfeit, we have a large and steadily augmenting constituency of readers. Elsewhere, especially in India, Canada, and the British Colonies, the number of our readers has grown to a magnitude which fully warrants our appropriation of an epithet which a contemporary has adopted as its trade mark—we may fairly say that ours is "a world-wide circulation." These be facts of the hardest Gradgrind type, albeit their recital may savour somewhat of boasting.

Another fact—and we dwell upon it with peculiar pleasure—is that the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is surely winning its way into circles from which, owing to the existence of a groundless and unreasoning prejudice, it was at the outset of the career of the journal partially excluded. There is Sport and Sport. In so far as we could, we have adhered to our original programme, namely, not to illustrate or chronicle any sports which—let us say—the TOM BROWN school of sportsmen could not conscientiously feel an interest in. While respecting the wider domain of sport covered by most of our contemporaries, we have adhered to our own carefully-chosen field, believing that we should find therein not only ample scope for the exercise of Pen and Pencil, but an audience sufficient to warrant and repay our labours. The result has, from our point of view, been entirely satisfactory. It is gratifying to hear from quarters which advertisers—that sceptical body!—would deem in the highest sense influential, that to-day, on the 5th of January, 1878, our real place in the world is becoming as thoroughly appreciated as we have all along felt it would be. Many of those who, in the beginning, without as much investigation as is expressed in the advertiser's shibboleth, "One trial will suffice," looked askance at our title, have found since that the words SPORTING AND DRAMATIC were of vastly larger significance in respect of the journal itself than appeared on the surface. Now that we are more extensively read, all doubts as to our being a journal that may be admitted into any family circle have been substantially dispelled.

Thus much for the product of the past: a word or two concerning the future. While the policy which has proved so successful will be hereafter pursued, it shall be our endeavour from time to time to introduce such new features as may be considered expedient and interesting. We have arranged, in response to a general demand, to devote more space to illustrated Notes of Foreign Sport, Travel, and Adventure, and to that end shall be pleased to hear from such adventurous Nimrods as may desire to have their exploits chronicled in these columns. More it is scarcely necessary to say. The enormous success of our Christmas Number—a success entirely unparalleled in the history of a journal of the like age—was fraught with a lesson of the greatest weight. We are no longer in the position of a periodical that hovers between doubtful adolescence and assured manhood. We have fairly attained the status of our two illustrated contemporaries. The larger responsibility which is represented by that condition obviously demands increased vigilance on our part, if we mean to go on as we have begun. We cannot afford to stand still. That we have not stood still let our present readers—to whom we wish a Happy and Prosperous New Year—and those hosts of new friends who will doubtless by that time have joined them, bear testimony, when twelve months hence we again—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

A "MR. H. E. FRANCIS, Hon. Sec. B. P. S.," sends to the *Medium* an account of a seance with a "Mr. Eglinton, held by four members of the Brixton Psychological Society." The Hon. Sec. of the B. P. S. is of opinion that the materialisations exhibited on the occasion "might be accepted as confirmatory of the advancing phase of the movement and of the good faith of one of our best mediums." On sitting round the table, as usual, they soon heard the welcome voice of "Joey," who thereupon consoled them with the assurance that the circle was harmonious. Nevertheless there were one or two outer influences which he (Joey) would have to combat. He must really be excused on that occasion from opening the show—which important duty was duly undertaken by "a pillar of nebulous matter, which gradually took the human form, grey and ghostlike, like the marble hewn into shape before the sculptor gives it life and beauty." (Ahem!) "This form vanished through the black curtain, drawing the medium after it, when immediately appeared a grey form, draped from head to foot and veiled, apparently a female, for it had a woman's roundness and grace." On the disappearance of Female Roundness and Grace, the figure known in the Hupper Suckles of Spiritualistic Society as "Abdullah," at least six feet high, one-armed, habited in white garments, with head-dress and glistening

jewel, then advanced two yards into the room and within one yard of the sitters, near enough to be touched, if we were so-minded, and to see the soft, glittering eyes, the bronze of his complexion, and the black and glossy beard. Four times was this repeated, each time retiring with a truly oriental salaam, and we could see the bending of the knee-joints as he performed it." After Abdullah's knee-joints had vanished, "the face of 'Joey' was placed through the opening of the curtain. He also came towards us, previously squatting at the entrance and observing he did not like to approach unless properly attired, threw from himself a quantity of drapery which has no earthly material to liken it to. It came into the room, a cascade of exquisite gossamer that Titania might have chosen for her nuptial couch. Then, gathering it up, he stowed it in some mysterious way about himself, retiring and again and again repeated the marvellous and interesting experiments." In relation to "Joey," Oliver Cromwell, Mary Queen of Scots, and Robert Burns are not a circumstance. Only he must pay a little more attention to his attire.

"I AVE c-r-r-ush him once, and ven he shall come back from America I vill c-r-r-ush him again! Yah!" What bloodthirsty Barons of Bluff those German professors of the game of chess are to be sure.

THERE is no truth in the statement that prior to Mr. W. J. Hill's appearance at the Folly, the first and second "entrances" at that theatre had to be widened, and the stage shored-up. He was engaged by Mr. Henderson to fill the house, and he is doing it. Nevertheless, it would be just as well to give an eye to the furniture. A substantial seventeen-stone chair was utterly ruined on the first Night of Terror.

High Priest of Momus! ample Will,  
Of glorious fun a boundless fountain,  
An unctuously Falstaffian Hill—  
A Hill—'fore gad!—almost a mountain.

Motto for the majestic gathering of the peoples in Trafalgar-square on Saturday last:—

"A plague on both your rouses!"

SINGS Macdermott, the Stupendous, "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, we've" only got to put our foot down in order to carry consternation into the ranks of possible invaders. (Macdermott is in the confidence of the Cabinet.) Then, who knows?—we may yet send an armed force to Galipoli—just to see fair play. Or, we may buy Egypt, and pension off the Khedive. A country, a canal, and a Khedive for fifteen millions sterling! And not dear at the money, either. Owing a Khedive with whom the People's Caterer would be only too glad to make terms, we should be the proud possessors of the key to India, the door of Africa, and a leading attraction for the next mammoth fête at North Woolwich.

MR. SAMUEL HAYES pledges himself to produce at the St. James's Theatre the London Assurance of Dion Boucicault. If he could throw in at the same time a *souffron* of Dion's American Assurance (*vide* the recent utterances of the gifted dramatist), success would crown his managerial efforts. *Apropos* of the re-opening of a place of entertainment which boasts, perhaps, of a more incongruous history than any theatre in London, Mr. Hayes's notice to the public is mighty pretty reading. Harken:—"I do not desire the intelligent playgoer to hesitate about taking a seat for the St. James's, or to regret it when purchased. I propose to fall back principally on old plays, and to revert consistently to old prices. A stall at the St. James's Theatre will once more be seven shillings, and although the performance will, I trust, be of the first class, the prices throughout the theatre will be relatively moderate. The pit will be two shillings, the dress circle four shillings, the upper boxes half-a-crown, the amphitheatre one shilling, and the gallery sixpence. These prices, moderate as they are, will not necessitate any further outlay on the part of the public. They will include a programme for nothing, attendance gratis, and the custody of coats, hats, umbrellas, and sticks for the small cost of a 'thank you.' If refreshments are required it is not my desire that anyone should regret the indulgence, and on this account the department will be under the special supervision of the management, and as the saloons are not 'let off,' a wholesome article can, I am satisfied, be guaranteed at a moderate price. If, in addition to a good play, well acted, I can obtain for my patrons the pleasure of a cozy, courteous theatre, I fancy that once more I shall not have consulted in vain that valuable jewel called experience. In addition to the continuous theatrical evenings, I propose to submit a series of high art matinées every Wednesday and Saturday throughout the season, which will comprise amusements new and old, artists of the present and the past, old friends and new faces, and a bouquet as it were of the choicest specimens of English dramatic art. I have promised much, my endeavour will be to fulfil." Depend upon it he will keep his word. "If refreshments are required," it should add considerably to the serenity of those who need them to learn that the superior quality of the fluids is guaranteed not only by Mr. John Murphy, the sutler (than whom no sounder judge, &c.), but "by his lordship and other members of the aristocracy."

THE *Court Circular* says, "Madame Blanche Baretta, formerly of the Théâtre Lyrique, where she created in 1869 the chief part in M. Reyers's 'Statue,' died a few days ago." This is sad, but what follows is extraordinary. "She afterwards sang for several years at the Opera Comique, and then some time in the great provincial towns and in Belgium." Died a few days ago, and afterwards not only sang, but did so for several years. This must be a mistake. Perhaps she died a few years ago, and afterwards sang for several days, and then some time—but that's hardly possible either—we give it up.

(Continued on page 383.)

## TURFIANA.

We have generally been led to look upon the office of a clerk of the course at a fashionable race meeting as a kind of Eldorado, regarding it in the same light as the north country poacher did the bishopric of Carlisle, when he curtly remarked to its right reverend head, "It is a d—d good berth; mind you keep it." The retirement then of Mr. Sam Merry from the management at Warwick must have taken not a few of his patrons and friends by surprise, and we should have pictured him rather as dying in harness and handing a welter handicap to his heirs on his death-

bed. We have invariably associated the Warwick meeting with success, though it had long since lost the character acquired in former days of making or marring St. Leger favourites in the early days of September. With that welcome gathering, too, on the famed Lammas lands was associated the myth of the late Admiral Rous being perched up aloft in order to watch certain performers with one of the big autumn handicaps in view, a belief which prevailed until quite recently, when it shared the fate of many another long-forgotten legend. Under the rule of Mr. Sheldon, Warwick may continue to hold her three annual meetings, but in order to keep pace with the times it is evident that much will have to be done in the direction of raising money

wherewith to supplement the stakes. Nothing will go down with owners of horses now-a-days but lumping additions to the chief events, and it seems surprising that an attempt should have been made to trade on the ancient reputation of a place like Warwick; whereas other centres of sport have given it the go by, and leeway is not so easily made up in cases of this kind. There is remarkably little sentiment existing among racing men, who would turn their backs upon Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, and Goodwood, despite their glorious associations, in case metal more attractive should be furnished elsewhere; and in all instances of keen competition the weaker vessel naturally comes off in the worst plight.



THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No. 5. THE DRESSER.

"Who married the Dresser, in poverty sunk;  
Who never was happy but when he was drunk."

A visit to Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush, during the last days of the year just completed, showed us that busy times were imminent, and from the long platoons of boxes came notes of preparation, as they were being made ready to receive the Queens of Sheba shortly due to the various fathers of the stud there located. The great Babylon has crept up to the very limits of the rich old pastures, and adventurous builders are pushing their outposts to the verge of the green domains where the high-born matron pensively whiles away the short hours of December sun-

light, and the youngsters wheel their pastures round by way of relaxing their muscles after tedious confinement in boxes. Lord Lyon has departed northward to plead his cause before a jury of judges such as no other county can parade; and he must be dubbed a cheap horse "as times go," for he can do more than hold his own among the cracks. That staunch old warrior Vedette reigns here in place of the white-heeled bay, and looks as sleek and shapely as though his wanderings up and down upon the face of the earth had done him no harm; while there is nothing to show that

he has nearly completed the quarter of a century. His legs are as straight and clean as the day on which he cut down Anton, and time has failed to hollow that marvellously knit back, or to furrow the grandly furnished quarters of as honest a horse as ever carried the spots of Aske. His action is free and elastic as ever; and we only wish he could be furnished with a glass eye, to make both sides of him equally good. So long had Vedette languished in opposition, that not even Galopin could raise a *furor* in his favour; another proof, if any were needed, of how difficult it is

to regain a lost reputation, and how persistently neglect dogs those who have once acquired a bad name to the end of their lives. Now Vedette will have the chance of making a new start in life, and a handsome proportion of the Shepherd's Bush mares have been put down to him for the season now commencing. At such a moderate fee we shall expect to hear of the black being well patronised, and breeders need not to be told that he is especially adapted for correcting the fault of defective "couplings" we see in so many mares which have inherited this error in conformation. Costa is still filling the same position of aide-de-camp to Vedette as he did to Lord Lyon, and he is just the sort of horse our French neighbours would be likely enough to turn into a success, for on the strength of his undeniably fine blood they would fill his subscription list forthwith. There are also one or two "spares" about the farm "wanting places," notably Mars, a very handsome brother to Idus, likely to be useful in getting high-class trappers and hunters; a very shapely Arab stallion, with fine action and the sweetest of tempers; and our old friend Clansman, who has returned after absence on foreign service, looking none the worse for his temporary change of quarters. Lord Lyon has left behind him some likely-looking youngsters, now just having attained yearling estate; among which we specially made note of a bay filly from Curiosity (a young Lord Clifden mare), which should wake up purchasers round the sale ring this season; and a couple of colts from Plum and Woodbine, well worthy the attention of *connoisseurs*. Most of the brood mares are young, and of that short-legged useful stamp which are bound to suit all tastes; but we lingered long over Oxford Mixture, now grown into one of the most charming mares at the stud, and heavy in foal to Lord Lyon. We well remember Mr. Tattersall "knocking her down to himself" for a mere old song, at Doncaster; but few would recognise in the light, wiry filly of the darkest shade of grey, which tripped so airily round the ring that morning, the beautiful type of the thoroughbred presented to us in her box at Shepherd's Bush. One of the long, low sort we cannot call her; but she has a deal of the Arab character about her, and is full of good points, while to the end of her racing career she sustained her reputation as a "downright game, honest bit of stuff," albeit somewhat unfortunate in not having made her mark in some big handicap.

So far as breeders are concerned, the truth of the old adage, "one down and another come on," has been exemplified in the appearance on the scene of a gentleman who bids fair to take Mr. Gee's place in the sphere, of which the latter was so prominent a representative. Mr. Hume Webster informs us that he will "start with about 70 boxes," at Marden Deer Park next season; and since he commenced his collection of brood mares at the Dewhurst sale, he has got together over thirty from various places, and we may



THE LATE JOHN THOMSON.

add that he possesses the inclination, as well as "power" to add to their number. About a third of these will be kept at home for See Saw, while with regard to the rest it is only necessary to mention such alliances as Mortemer, Blair Athol, Adven-

turer, Doncaster, Cremorne, Springfield and a few of that kidney, to ensure Mr. Webster's meriting success if he cannot command it at starting. Those who will take the trouble to dip into racing statistics, will find the young Buccaneer horse now at Marden Deer Park, has commenced stud life very creditably, and though he was neglected and hard-pushed at first, breeders soon learn to take kindly to a horse capable of producing high-class handicap winners at his first attempt, for such animals as Cradle and Footstep are generally the precursors of something with "Derby form" about it, as experience has shown us over and over again.

Springfield will not report himself at head quarters until early in February, and for the benefit of those who may casually wish to interview the champion, we may mention that neither he nor anything else in her Majesty's service can be approached with an order from the Lord Chamberlain of the Stud, Colonel Maude, who will certify that the parties admitted are fit and proper persons to receive cards of presentation. The yearlings, we rejoice to hear, are a better lot even than those of 1877, and altogether a "revival" may be confidently anticipated.

Chamant was the great attraction at Albert Gate on Monday, and almighty swells rubbed shoulders with the great unwashed, as he strode out of his box, to wait for his turn under the archway. Several breeders looked in, to take stock of the Frenchman, who had held crowded audiences all the morning, and elicited some very contradictory opinions from well-known and approved good judges. All seemed to agree, however, that time was likely to benefit him very much; and we fancy, from £4,000 to £5,000, would have been forthcoming, had not the reserve price deterred many from even making a bid. There was a bit of a sensation, as he came striding up the yard, and confronted the pulpit from which so many true and telling homilies have been preached; but there was no real spirit or enthusiasm about the proceedings, and the once mighty "spoiler of our good things," went back unsold. Still, a good many seemed to hanker after him, and we believe that negotiations have been opened, with the view of having the Two Thousand Guineas winner, who appears not to be "wanted," for the present at least, in the country of his birth.

At Cobham, whither it is our intention to make a winter pilgrimage shortly, things are flourishing, and the latest addition to the rank of stallions there is to be Sir Walter Tyrrell, who, if his list of subscriptions is as long as the advertisement in the Calendar setting forth his many recommendations, will not do amiss, and we wish Mr. Ball all luck with the "regicide."

Last season, an article appeared in a contemporary entitled "Cheap stallions," and though most of the sort may generally be put down as "nasty," we cannot but note the likelihood of the reverse in such a horse as Kingcraft, who stands at a "pony," and should be "taken up" forthwith,



JACKAL HUNTING IN INDIA.—(From a Correspondent's Sketches made on the spot.)

like a good debenture stock. Queen's Messenger, another low priced sire, is announced as full, his yearling stock having advertised him right well.

SKYLARK.

## WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

METZLER & CO., 37, Great Marlborough-street, W. "Flowret Bells," price 3s., by W. Smallwood. An elegant little pianoforte piece of no great difficulty, with the fingering carefully marked, and a coloured title-page worth the price of the whole work.—Mr. Hamilton Clarke's pianoforte "Gavotte in the Ancient Style," price 3s., is not only what its title implies, but a melodious, fresh, and delightful pianoforte solo, far superior in quality to nineteen twentieths of the weak and poorly-harmonised productions with which, under the name of "Gavottes," we have recently been inundated.—Mr. H. Marcel's pianoforte arrangement of the "Grand March from Wagner's *Tannhauser*," price 4s., is an excellent transcription from the original score, and will not only prove effective as a pianoforte solo, but furnishes the best embodiment of the original that we are acquainted with.—The "White Roses," price 3s., a Nocturne, by B. Tours, is a graceful composition, in which an attempt has been made with considerable success to embellish a flowing melody with passages of embroidery, in the style of Chopin.—"The Fairy Isle," price 3s., by W. Smallwood (beautifully illustrated), is a graceful little piece, which will afford to moderately capable pianists opportunities for display.—The "Gavotte in A," price 3s., by Hamilton Clarke, is an excellent specimen of the ability with which this skilful writer imparts characteristic effects to his compositions without servility or pedantry. The second movement, in A minor, is happily introduced, and is well contrasted with the bright movement by which it is preceded and followed.—The "Fête d'Été," price 3s., a caprice for pianoforte, by B. Tours, has little originality in its leading theme, but abounds in showy passages, which may render it welcome to amateur pianists desirous of displaying their mechanical powers.—"The Garden Party Polka," price 3s., by C. Godfrey, is worthy the reputation of the accomplished band-master of the Royal Horse Guards, and will be found excellent for ball room purposes.—"She Reigns Above," ballad, price 4s., words by E. Oxenford, music by Miss M. Lindsay. The words are well written and the music, which ranges from C to E flat, is simple, but effective.—"Sir Rowland," song, price 4s., words by Mrs. E. Baker, music by J. L. Molloy. Mrs. Baker has told a mediæval story effectively. Mr. Molloy has not aimed at originality, and the best that can be said of his music is, that it does not interfere with the enunciation of the words. This was probably his object; and, if so, he has succeeded.

CRAMER AND CO., 201, Regent Street, W.: "Come out, come out!" price 3s., is an English version, by Miss A. Coyne, of Franz Abt's vocal duet, "Heraus! Heraus!" The vocal writing strongly recalls the two-part songs of Mendelssohn, but is original as well as melodious, and the English adaptation has been carefully written.—"Now the sea-girl land awakes," price 3s., is another vocal duet by the same authors. Miss Coyne has hardly caught the spirit of Grunholzer's "Heimevårt; Möcht ich ziehn," but her lines are well fitted to the music, which is delightfully melodious.—"The Continong," price 4s., words by H. J. Byron, music by W. M. Lutz, and "Too Jolly Clever by Half," price 4s., words by John Hollingshead, music by W. M. Lutz, are two of the popular songs in Mr. H. J. Byron's *Little Doctor Faust*, now running at the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. Byron's words, half English and half cockney French, are very funny, and Mr. Hollingshead has not only succeeded in writing some really comic verses, but has used the lash of satire in the easily understood lines:

"He published a journal called *Soot*,  
A journal of dirt and abuse;  
But he soon found the horsehip and foot  
Had unpleasantly come into use,  
He was too jolly clever by half," &c.

Mr. Lutz's music is just what it should be, bright and gay, and an assistance to the singers. The two songs are likely to become as popular in private as they already are in public.

MOUTRIE AND SON, 55, Baker-street, W.—"Snow," price 4s., words by B. Britten, music by F. M. Moutrie. A tale of frostbitten affection, told in smoothly written verse. The melody is flowing and sympathetic, and encourages expectations of good things from Mr. Moutrie, who shows himself superior to ordinary rule by commencing in A flat major, and concluding in E flat major.—"The Rosilla Valse," price 3s., by Annie Bushby, deserve warm commendation. They are full of variety and melody, and are not only capitally suited to dancing purposes, but are worthy a place among drawing-room solos.

EVANS and CO., 32, Argyll-street, W.—"The Child Angels," price 4s., words by F. E. Weatherly, music by B. Tours. In the two verses of this song a touching story is poetically and gracefully told. The music is not equal in merit to the words, and it is on these that the success of the song will depend. "Afar and anear," price 4s., words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Roeckel. The words are carelessly written. Rhythm is disregarded in the first and third lines of each verse, and the first syllable of the verb "communes" is accented, instead of the second. The composer has given the proper grammatical accent, and the result is that we are favoured with the following specimen of rhythm:—

"She communes with her heart:  
But the cloud to dim the sunshine  
Is the thought that we must part."

The music is simple and melodious. "My grey steed and I," price 4s., words by E. Oxenford, music by M. Watson. The words are well written. The music is not equal in merit to the poetry, and the composer has in some instances emphasised the wrong words, disregarding the poetical accent altogether. The second and third bars of the vocal melody are illustrations of this defect.

HOPWOOD and CREW, 42, New Bond-street, W.—"The Black Watch Polka," price 3s., by C. Neville, is dedicated to the 42nd Highlanders, and when played by the band of that gallant regiment, will infallibly excite in their foes a desire to retreat as speedily as possible.

CHEAP POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.—Every gentleman who appreciates the luxury of a real Irish linen cambric handkerchief should write to Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, for samples (post-free) of their gents' fine linen cambric, hemmed for use, at 8s. 11d. per dozen, and their gentlemen's hem-stitched handkerchiefs (now so much worn), beautifully fine, at 12s. 9d. per dozen. By so doing a genuine article (all pure flax) will be secured, and a saving effected of at least 50 per cent.—[ADVT.]

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES contain no Opium, Morphia, nor any violent drug. It is the most effective remedy known to the Medical Profession in the cure of COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS—one Lozenge alone relieves. Dr. J. BRINGLOE, M.R.C.S.L., L.S.A., L.M., writes: July 25, 1877, "Your Lozenges are excellent, and their beneficial effects most reliable; I strongly recommend them." Sold by all Chemists, in Boxes 1s. 11d., and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADVT.]

"The wonderful effects of Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS have been again proved beyond doubt or dispute."—From Mr. Morris, 187, West Derby Road, Liverpool. They instantly relieve and rapidly cure Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, and taste pleasantly. Sold by all druggists at 1s. 11d.—[ADVT.]

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN.—The *Daily Telegraph*, in its notice of the Drury Lane pantomime, referring to the author, Mr. E. L. Blanchard says: "This, we believe, is the 28th Christmas entertainment of a similar kind which the esteemed author of *The White Cat* has put on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. It is understood that the genial gentleman in question entertains a rooted objection to his 'annual' being called a pantomime, even as the late Mr. Frederick Robson used publicly to resent the imputation that 'Vilkins and his Dinah' was a comic song. The poet's soul, obviously, must not be vexed; and if Mr. Blanchard chose to call his most entertaining production a hypotheruse or a rigadoun, we should have no right to quarrel with him on Boxing Night." This, we presume, was written by Mr. G. A. Sala, for in that journalist's "Notes of the Week," in *The Illustrated London News*, he also says:—"I think that I have known the author of the 'Annual' (he is very angry if the entertainment be called a pantomime, just as the late Mr. Robson used to publicly protest against 'Vilkins and his Dinah' being called a comic song) full thirty years." With all due deference to G. A. S., we think, not Mr. B. but Mr. S. might as well call the "opening" of a pantomime a hypotheruse or a rigadoun as the pantomime, seeing that this word means expressing mutely by action, and that Mr. Blanchard deals with words to be spoken. Speaking of Mr. Sala, by-the-by, we are reminded that in his articles on "The Stage" in a contemporary, he says: "Master Betty, the infant Roscius, has developed into the mature Mr. Betty, a very middling actor indeed." Alas! Mr. Betty's maturity long since ripened to rotting. He died some years ago, when his portrait appeared in this paper, with a memoir, and the *Daily Telegraph*, in common with other papers, devoted leading articles to his career. Sala's wonderful memory grows strangely weak.—An evening concert is to be given on the 8th inst. by the Camden Choral Society, at the Camden Lecture Hall, in Kentish Town. Mr. H. Birch's cantata, "The Merrie Men of Sherwood," will be given on the occasion, with the assistance of a staff of eminent vocalists, under the conductorship of Mr. Wallace Wells.—The benefit given at the Aquarium Theatre for the General Theatrical Fund realized £250.—Mr. E. W. Grose is about to publish an essay on the chamber drama, with a play for private acting in verse.—Our contemporary, *The Referee*, says, with reference to a recent event, "I don't exactly see the value of a testimonial to a popular actor when he who presents it regrets his want of knowledge, and admits he never saw any acting before. But an appreciative notice is always valuable, let him who will make it; while one that is of the other sort is bound to be 'scurrilous and unfair,' no matter who may be the author or what his claims to sit in judgment."—According to *Saunders's News-Letter*, Mr. George Clarke, late of the Gaiety, takes with him to New York, with a view to its production in America, an English version of the French opera *La Double Echelle* (The Double Ladder), by J. R. and W. Hiron Brown, which was originally intended for a West-End London house, where it was not played in consequence of the Lord Chamberlain's refusal to license it. The music, which has been composed by Ambrose Thoman, is described as charming, and likely to become very popular.—The *Athenæum*, of last week, speaks of a collection of autograph letters which was sold by auction, amongst which was a letter of Kitty Clive to David Garrick, in reference to the stoppage of her salary, in which she says, "I hope the stoppage of monney is not a french fassion;" another from Mrs. Piozzi, in which she says, "But I would rather talk about Shakspear, whose Knowledge of colloquial Italian seems proved in each scene of his taming of the Shrew;" and a third from Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. Piozzi, referring to the death of her son. The first-named realised fifteen guineas, the second four pounds, and the third seven pounds.—Last week Miss Lydia Thompson arrived in London, with several members of her company, from New York, where her bad health marred what might have otherwise been a successful course of performances, otherwise the tour in America was highly successful.—Mr. John Clarke, of the Criterion, is engaged for the Court, for the reproduction of *The Victims*, now in rehearsal. *Still Waters Run Deep*, according to a contemporary, is also to be revived at the Court Theatre.—On the 11th of next month the Adelphi opens with Mr. Henry Hersee's excellent version of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

PROVINCIAL.—One of the regular contributors to a provincial contemporary, commenting upon the novelty it is to find an actor so determined to make sure of praise under any and every circumstance, that he turns newspaper proprietor, says: "Yet such is said to be the fact, and the little organ itself bears out the story. Nothing short of a proprietor's due would lead an editor to mention one actor's name in almost every column and under almost every possible variety of circumstance. No criticism is complete without calling attention in it to how Mr. Stalkinghorse would have played the part; and even Shakespeare has ere now been gravely informed that it was a great loss he didn't live at a time when he could see the pet tragedian act in his plays. This is one of the novelties of 1877; I don't think it is likely to be a successful one."—A new extravaganza, by Messrs. Alfred Thompson and Alfred Cellier, will be produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, at Easter.—The pantomime at the Princess's Theatre, Edinburgh, retains its attractiveness.—At the Theatre Royal, Leeds, *Jack and the Beanstalk* has been drawing crowded audiences to both the morning and the evening performances.—*The Forty Thieves*, at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, remains a triumphant success.—At the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, the pantomime (*Little Bo-peep*) is also a great hit.—At the Bristol Theatre Royal, *Beauty and the Beast* has been favourably received.—The Alexandra pantomime at Liverpool, is wonderfully grand as a stage spectacle and delights its audiences; but it is otherwise wanting in liveliness and spirit.—*The Sleeping Beauty*, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in consequence of unforeseen delays, was not produced until the 26th of December. Report speaks highly of it.—At the Princess's Theatre, Manchester, *The Babes in the Wood* retains its brilliant power of attracting; and at the Queen's Theatre, in the same town, the fun of *Jack and the Beanstalk* is as fast and furious as ever.—*Funny Folks* told us, a week ago, that the Colosseum Theatre, at Liverpool, had been closed by the magistrates in consequence of the charge of admission being "only a penny," and adds, there was no fault found with the entertainment provided, there was nothing immoral or indecent even suggested in the performance, the reports of the place being unanimous in its favour; but because of the smallness of the entrance fee it has been forbidden. Some people absolutely fail to see the justice of this step, notwithstanding the sage remark of the inspector of police, that "it would be better if the 'low class' people who visited the Penny Theatre kept their money and went home." It is not impossible that many people who visit high-price theatres would be better if they "kept their money and went home," but that theatrical representations should be indulged in only by those sufficiently affluent to afford a threepenny gallery seems an anomaly. The liberty of the subject is decidedly encroached upon when magistrates forbid poor actors earning their bread by enacting, and the lower orders enjoying, their penny rôles.—We note as curious that, at Birmingham, a few weeks ago, local opinion compelled Mr. Macdermott to desist from singing his now well-known "War Song." During the performance of

the new pantomime of *The Forty Thieves*, however, the same song is sung on the stage, and taken up by the audience in chorus with such enthusiasm that on Boxing-night the manager had to come forward and beg that the performance might be allowed to proceed, after the War Song had been encored half a dozen times.

FOREIGN.—Frau Charlotte Wolter, of the Imperial Theatre, Berlin, has received from the Emperor of Austria the crowned gold cross of merit, an order of decoration reserved for those who have distinguished themselves by the highest achievements in art. Some day, perhaps, we may "decorate" our great artists.—Fanny Foster, the actress, has filed a bill in the United States Circuit Court against James C. Duff, lessee of the Broadway Theatre, Maurice Grau, Marie Aimée and others, asking that they be enjoined from continuing representations of the opera-bouffe called *La Marjolaine*. Miss Foster sets forth that in 1870 John de Bonay "copyrighted" a dramatic composition bearing the title *La Marjolaine*, and in 1874 sold his right to her for 5000 dollars. The play has been produced at the Lyceum Theatre in New York, the New Park Theatre in Brooklyn, and at Montreal. She asserts that the defendants during the week succeeding October 1, of 1877, produced at the Broadway Theatre a play with the name of *La Marjolaine*, claiming to have a title therein. Miss Foster asked for a preliminary injunction against the defendants, which was denied by Judge Blatchford. Mr. Maurice Grau submitted an affidavit in which he admitted the production of a play under the name complained of, but denied that it had ever had copyright. He said that De Bonay's play was a serious drama in five acts, founded on incidents of the French Revolution, while the play produced at the Broadway Theatre was an opera-bouffe, highly humorous, and founded upon "highly exaggerated, almost inconceivable, but very comic situations growing out of the presentation of a medal to the most virtuous damsel of the village." The word "*La Marjolaine*" in both plays is merely the title of the leading female character, and is common in France. The answer of the defendants is a general denial, and is substantially the same as Mr. Grau's affidavit.—Miss Lydia Thompson's American engagement terminated on the 14th inst., at the Eagle Theatre, New York. The majority of her company remain to take part in a pantomime at Christmas, in which Mr. Willie Edouin plays clown. Miss Thompson's tour extended through Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.—At the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, on the 22nd of October last, Mr. H. R. Harwood received a benefit, at the close of which a handsome gold repeater watch was presented to him on behalf of a number of subscribers, and a diamond locket on behalf of the members of the company. His Excellency the Governor, with Lady Bowen and some members of their family, were also present. The entertainment began with W. S. Gilbert's play of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, Mrs. Scott-Siddons sustaining the part of Galatea for the first time in Melbourne. Her representation of the character was graceful and finished at all points, and she was most cordially received. Mr. Stewart played Chryseos—a part new to him—with a good deal of humour. Mr. Appleton represented Pygmalion with his accustomed ability, and Mr. Harwood was Leucippe, the soldier, as on many previous occasions.—The death of Mr. August Predigam, musical director and conductor of the Oates English Comic Opera Company, occurred at the Stamm House, Wheeling, West Virginia, on the evening of December 4th.—Madame Patti, who is now in Venice, has entered into an engagement to give ten representations of *Aida*, at Milan, in March, and has, it is said, faithfully promised to return to the Milan Scala, in 1879.—Middle. Bernhardt, Madame Judic, Madame Chaumont, M. Dupuis, M. Pradeau, M. Porel, and other well-known Parisian actresses and actors will, according to the *Journal de Monaco*, take part in the casino theatricals there.—Middle. Janaschek's new play *Chatherine II.* has met with great success in Philadelphia.—The hundredth anniversary of the production of the first German version of *Hamlet* in Berlin was commemorated by a special performance of the tragedy in that city on the 17th ult.—Miss Lydia Thompson was on the whole successful in the United States, but in New York met with failure, and the *New York Dramatic News* says, sneeringly, "It is hardly necessary for us to explain that all the blondes in the Lydia Thompson Troupe are daughters of the English nobility. It is very well-known that all these young women have left princely castles to come here and show what real English burlesque is, and they feel very miserable over the experiment. It is a sore trial to their tender feelings as well as their tenderest susceptibilities, you know."—The *Paris Figaro* tells us that the success of Miss Ada Cavendish was made by Mr. Willing.—During Mr. F. Marshall's late serious illness in America, fears were entertained for his life. Before this sickness came on, he had sent in his resignation to Miss Thompson, in consequence of certain differences of opinion regarding business. When his illness was found to be serious, Miss Thompson sent him word to let him know that he need have no worry about that, his salary would be paid him as long as his sickness lasted. On Wednesday he was well enough to leave for England, and he left.—A new theatre was opened by Mr. J. L. Hall in July last at Timaru, South Canterbury, which is said to be one of the prettiest and most commodious in New Zealand. It seats nearly six hundred persons. The opening piece was Mr. H. J. Byron's *Old Sailors*.—The acting manager of Captain Roebuck's Company at Cape Town, Mr. W. R. Clifton, on the 20th November last, shot himself, to escape the sufferings of a terrible disease which he had endured for more than ten years. He was consequently buried without the usual religious ceremonies.—Mr. Steele Mackaye's new comedy *Won at Last*, at Wallack's Theatre, New York, has been successful.—The plot runs as follows:—John Fleming, "a man of the world," worn out with every fashionable vice, marries Grace Tracy, the niece of an old friend, whose son, to whom she was previously engaged, is supposed to be lost at sea. The play opens on the wedding-day, Grace being introduced in her bridal attire as a gushing girl, desperately in love with her husband. But, from behind a tree, she overhears her bridegroom speak slightly of her to a friend, and almost immediately afterwards hears him reopen an old intimacy with a French *cocotte* and adventuress, who has married an old fool. Shocked and disgusted, she is about to quit her home for ever, when she meets her husband, and, after a violent scene between the pair, agrees to a compromise. In the next act, matters are complicated by the sudden return of the lost son and ex-suitor. He renews his passion, and, seeing the lady is unkindly treated, beseeches her to fly with him. This scheme is overheard by the husband, and the situation takes the same turn as in *Led Astray*. A duel is to be fought, but an explanation between the two men induces them to forego it, and the husband amicably agrees to put an end to all unpleasantness by drowning himself. He endeavours to carry out his resolution, but is saved by his rival, and restored to his wife and friends. There is a meagre sub-plot, in which a Mrs. Bunker, a French adventuress, figures, does mischief, and is exposed.—The students of the Vienna University gave their amateur performance of *Wilhelm Tell* on the 19th ult. with great success.—A good idea has been embodied at the Theater an der Wien which, modified, might have advantageously formed part of one of the great pantomime spectacles in this country. This is a review of the chief events of the year 1877, in the form of a series of picturesque tableaux.—La Scala, at Milan, re-opened on the night after Christmas Day with *L'Africana*, and a company consisting of

Madames Garbini, Fricce Fossa, and Galassi, with Signori Sani Tamagno and other artists of repute.—A new opera is announced at the Dal Verme Theatre (Milan) by Signor Alberto Giovannini.—The Signor Donadio appeared at the Carcano Theatre (Milan) in *La Sonnambula* on the 16th ult., and was enthusiastically received.—It is said that at Wallack's Theatre, New York, about seven hundred plays are read every year.—At the Teatro Espanol (Madrid) a new play in verse by Senor Cavestany, called *El esclavo de su culpa*, has been successfully produced.

## MUSIC.

MUSICAL enterprise is quiescent for awhile, no novelties have been produced since we last wrote, and amateurs must be content with musical gossip, pending the re-commencement of the musical season, which may be said to date from Monday next, when Mr. Arthur Chappell's admirable MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS will be resumed at St. James's Hall.

SIGNOR ARDITI left London last Thursday, on his way to Madrid, having been engaged specially as conductor of the Italian Opera in that capital, during the festivities to be given in honour of King Alfonso's marriage to his cousin Princess Mercedes. Signor Arditi will stay three days in Paris, for the sake of hearing the new operas, *Cinq Mars* and *Paul et Virginie*, which he will have to conduct during the Italian opera season at Vienna.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is likely to be conductor of Messrs. A. & S. Gatti's promenade concerts at Covent Garden next autumn. A more capable successor to Signor Arditi could not be found, and Mr. Sullivan's appointment as conductor of the Covent Garden Concerts would be a complete guarantee for the excellence of the musical arrangements. It is at present proposed to limit the season to two months duration.

SIR EDWARD LEE has successfully commenced his management of the Dublin Exhibition Palace. In addition to a variety of general attractions, musical performances have been provided, under the able direction of Mr. Frederic Archer, with Madame Rose Hersee and Mr. Wilford Morgan as principal vocalists; and on some occasions the concerts have attracted audiences numbering over twenty thousand persons.

MADAME MARIE ROZE will make her first appearance at New York on Monday next, as Leonora, in *La Favorita*.

MR. ALFRED CELLIER is writing a cantata on a happily-chosen subject, Gray's exquisite "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which—strange to say—has hitherto been overlooked by English composers.

M. HERVE has nearly completed the music of an English comic opera, in one act, for five vocalists, without chorus.

SIGNOR ARDITI is about to commence the composition of an English opera, in which the "merry monarch," Charles II., will be one of the chief personages.

MR. MAPLESON has judiciously withdrawn the English adaptation of *Le Châlet*; and the ballet pantomime *Rose and Marie*, with the addition of several fresh attractions, including the feats of a wonderful gymnast, "Pongo Redivivus," and a quartette of clever skaters—now occupies the entire evening. It is to be hoped that we shall shortly be favoured with Flotow's *L'Ombré*. The fairy ballet delights juvenile visitors, but their older companions naturally wish to hear the sound of human voices in the course of the evening.

MR. CARL ROSA will open his season at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday, February 11th. No prospectus of the musical arrangements will be issued, but we believe that the season will commence with Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which has met with unexampled success at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool, and is expected to run for a series of consecutive nights at the commencement of Mr. Carl Rosa's London season. The *Liverpool Courier* of Monday last says that the musical public are indebted to Mr. Carl Rosa for "placing a work on the lyric stage which will be heard again and again with ever-increasing pleasure." To Miss Gaylord and Miss Yorke (Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page), and to Mr. Aynsley Cook (Falstaff), Mr. Ludwig (Ford), and Mr. C. Lyall (Mister Slender), warm praise is given, and it is added, that the English librettist (Mr. Henry Hersee) "must be complimented on having most successfully done his work." The *Liverpool Daily Post* speaks in equally high terms of the music and of the libretto, and endorses "the popular verdict on a work which corruscates with beauties." The *Liverpool Mercury* says: "The result was a triumphant success, in many respects more genuine and significant than that secured by *The Flying Dutchman* last season. An audience which packed the house from floor to ceiling was present on Saturday, and the enthusiasm which greeted every scene in the opera gave full assurance of the approval which will doubtless be endorsed by Londoners, to whom the work will be furnished as the chief novelty of the coming English Opera Season, at the Adelphi Theatre;" and adds that the English version has been written by Mr. Henry Hersee, "with a talent and tact which he has already shown in connection with similar operatic revivals." It can easily be understood that a judicious employment of the Shakspearean text, where possible, must render the opera more attractive to English audiences than the feeble Italian versions previously produced in London.

## MDLLE. BAUERMEISTER.

MDLLE. BAUERMEISTER, whose portrait we have the pleasure of publishing this week, has long been a popular member of Her Majesty's Opera Company. A more useful artist it would be difficult to find. At the shortest notice she is ready to undertake soprano parts of the first importance, and may be found one night representing the Maid of Honour in *Les Huguenots*, and on the night following the Queen of Night, *Astrifammante*, in *Il Flauto Magico*. Her voice, though not powerful, is of agreeable quality, and her intonation is invariably correct. Trained in the best operatic school, she is a highly-cultivated artiste, both as singer and actress, and although she may not possess the physical requisites for the attainment of a commanding position, her readiness and versatility render her invaluable in the operatic company to which she has so long been attached. Whatever she attempts is sure to be satisfactorily done, and there are few artistes more generally liked by the English public than Mdle. Bauermeister. Our portrait is engraved from a photograph published by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street.

ON Tuesday week, Mr. Chance's Emily and Mr. Pea's grey horse contested a five-mile match on the half-mile track at the Alexandra Palace, the stake at issue being £60. The conditions of the match provided that both horses should be driven by their respective owners, and a fairly large company patronised the ground, which afforded excellent going. There was not much speculation on the result, and the race may be briefly described, as it turned out a runaway affair. Having won the toss, Mr. Pea selected the inner station, and on the signal for starting being given, his grey showed to advantage for about thirty yards. Emily then went to the fore, and gaining gradually, had placed a quarter of a mile between them on the completion of the journey, always, in fact, appearing to have a deal in hand after she had once assumed the command.

## THE DRAMA.

THE pantomimes and Christmas novelties have now got into smooth working order, and are drawing full holiday audiences, both to the numerous morning representations and the regular evening performances.

At the Globe matinee last Saturday, Mr. Toole appeared for the first time at this theatre in two more of his well-known assumptions, Caleb Plummer, in the dramatic version of Dickens's popular Christmas story, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and Professor Muddle in *The Spelling Bee*. In the former, as the poor toymaker, Mr. Toole has long proved that he can command our tears by his touching pathos and tenderness, equally as he does our laughter in his comic delineations, and on Saturday he exercised the former power most effectually. He was well supported by Mr. Charles Warner, as the genial, simple-minded carrier, John Peerybingle, Mr. Charles Collette as Tackleton, by Miss Emma Rita as Peerybingle's pretty wife Dot, Miss Eliza Johnstone as Tilly Slowboy, Miss Blanche Stammers (the recent debutante here) as Caleb's blind daughter, Bertha, and other members of the company. As Professor Muddle in *The Spelling Bee*, Mr. Toole provoked as much hilarity among the audience as he used to do at the Gaiety, and his song "He always came home to tea," to which Mr. Burnand had added some new verses, was as usual several times encored. *The Spelling Bee* has during the week replaced *The Birthplace of Podgers* in the evening's programme.

The St. James's Theatre re-opened on Saturday night, under the management of Mr. Samuel Hayes, of the West End Box Office, Regent-street, who hopes by the policy set forth in detail in his manifesto, to render the house the permanent home of comedy, old and new. The policy embraces an efficient—company for the representation of standard comedies—and new comedies if he can get them,—moderate prices to all parts of the house—total abolition of fees in any shape for seats, programmes, cloak-room, &c.—civil attendants and acceptable refreshments at reasonable prices. All this is very good, and the new manager seems to feel his responsibility in promising much, but is determined to fulfil; and if so there is every hope of his experiment being successful in turning the tide of ill-luck which has hitherto attended this theatre. Mr. Hayes commenced his campaign with Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, with Miss Ada Cavendish as Lady Teazle, the first of her farewell impersonations previous to her departure to fulfil professional engagements in America. The other characters being supported by Messrs. Henry Forrester and W. Herbert as Joseph and Charles Surface; Mr. W. H. Stephens as Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Atkins as Sir Oliver, Mr. Lin Rayne as Sir Benjamin Babbitt, Mr. De Belleville as Trip, Mr. Holman as Crabtree, Mr. Odell as Moses, Miss Sallie Turner as Mrs. Candour, Miss Beere as Lady Sneerwell. *The Lady of Lyons* will be produced next week, with Miss Ada Cavendish as Pauline, and Mr. Henry Forrester as Claude Melnotte. Shakspeare's *As You Like it* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Rivals*, *The Hunchback*, and *London Assurance*, in all of which Miss Ada Cavendish will appear, are announced to follow.

Notwithstanding the absorption of interest by the pantomimes, &c., two novelties have been produced during the week. A farcical comedieta entitled *Love's Alarms*, at the Royalty, and an adaptation of Sardou's historical drama, *Patrie*, produced at the Queen's, under the title of *Fatherland*, on Thursday, too late for notice this week.

The last nights are announced of *The Unequal Match*, and *To Parents and Guardians*, at the Prince of Wales's, and of *The House of Darnley*, at the Court. The former will be succeeded, on Saturday next, the 12th inst., by the new play, adapted by the Messrs. Rowe from Sardou's comedy, *Dora*, and entitled *The Mouse-Trap*, and the latter by a new comedy in three acts, by Mr. Tom Taylor, under the title of *Victims*, very shortly.

The Morning Performances to-day, in addition to the numerous pantomimes, will comprise *Engaged*, at the Haymarket; *The Spitalfields Weaver*, *Ici on parle Français*, and *Robert Macaire*, with Mr. Toole in the leading character in each, at the Globe; *Charles I.*, with Mr. Henry Irving as the ill-fated monarch, at the Lyceum; *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville; and *The Sorcerer* at the Opera Comique.

## THE LATE MR. JOHN THOMSON.

THE portrait which is given on another page is a remarkably vivid likeness of one of the kindest-natured men that ever filled the office of dramatic critic. It has been said of many a departed denizen of Bohemia, that to "know him was to love him," but one finds a difficulty in describing the intense force of the remark when it is applied to poor dear John Thomson. He died on Saturday morning, the 22nd ult., at his residence in St. John's-wood, at the early age of thirty-three. He had been ailing for some time, but had not been confined to his room more than three weeks. His death deprived our contemporary, the *Weekly Dispatch*, of an able dramatic critic, and an immense circle of men belonging to the literary, journalistic, and dramatic professions of a warmly cherished friend. As the news of his death sped through the clubs and other "Treasure day" haunts of "the profession," it was easy to measure the depth of the affection in which he had been held. In a notice of his death which appeared the following day in the *Dispatch*, the writer, after advertising to the efficient manner in which he had performed his duties, said—"Mr. Thomson, till lately, gave promise of long life, all the more because his buoyant temperament and exuberant spirits appeared to be the endowments of perpetual youth. During the summer, however, his health began to break, and though eager to the last to perform all his duties, and so take his place, as heretofore, in the large circle of his friends, he found himself gradually becoming weaker. From a somewhat serious illness in the autumn he partially recovered a few weeks ago, but his zeal in resuming his duties brought on a relapse." After an unbroken friendship, which extended over a period of ten years, the present writer finds it hard to render the tribute which it deserves to the memory of genial John Thomson. His gifts were manifold, and one of them—his memory—was rare indeed. His literary powers were versatile, but it will always be a matter of regret to those who knew him best, that in respect of them he seldom did himself perfect justice. He began his career as a critic at a very early period, and his knowledge of the metropolitan stage was therefore rich and extensive. Old members of the Little Circle Club recollect poor John at his best. When, in response to a laughing challenge he was wont to afford proofs of his marvellous memory, or in a more serious mood to recite in noble style such a poem as "Sheridan's Ride," he the while mechanically fashioning a cigarette. He was one of Mr. Swinburne's intimate friends—indeed, to repeat what we have already said in another fashion, he was the friend of everybody whose privilege it was to know him. The funeral, which took place on Thursday week, was largely attended. Amongst those who took part in the last rites were Mr. Henry Sampson, Mr. Brunton, Mr. George Honey, Mr. Lawler, Mr. A. Phillips, Mr. Sydney French, Mr. H. S. Leigh, Mr. Shiel Barry, Mr. J. Billington, Mr. J. O'Shea, Mr. Harry Jackson, Mr. A. Swanborough, Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. H. Whaley, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bennett, Mr. Townley, Mr. W. Gooch, Mr. G. Barrett, Mr. Emery, Mr. Scanlan, Mr. J. Pascoe,

Mr. J. G. Shore, Mr. Jennings, Mr. G. Terrott, Mr. Stainforth, Mr. Whymper, Captain Harris, Mr. J. Young, Mr. C. Oliphant, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Low, Mr. W. Saul, Mr. W. Joyce, Mr. Doddington, Mr. S. Pardon, Mr. D. Murray, Mr. E. Cotte, Mr. H. J. Hitchins, Mr. Anderson, Mr. A. Parry, Mr. H. Kemble, Mr. W. L. Barrett, Mr. P. Day, Mr. S. Hall, Mr. Hayning, Mr. Hodge, Mr. Henning, Mr. Henning, jun., and others. Many years will have to elapse ere "dear old John Thomson is forgotten."

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

(Continued from page 379.)

A LANCASTRIAN explorer writes as follows:—"I am going to Texas next autumn for a little 'out,' and I want to solve this problem. At sales of thoroughbred horses in this country many are disposed of at a comparatively low figure. Is this owing to some inherent defect in the horse that he will transmit to his offspring, or is it that he is simply deficient in bottom and speed? If the latter, then he would be just the animal to mate with the mustang mares, which are of Barb origin, in order to produce a fair, good, rough riding horse. If, however, all the rejected stallions have some inherent defect they would be useless for such a purpose. As it is a matter of considerable importance I have ventured to ask the question." We invite replies from breeders of blood stock and others who are interested in the subject.

"Up to the present time," writes a Mr. Henry Vatcher in the *Jersey Express*, "the computed number of men killed, amounts to eighty thousand Russians, and fifty thousand Turks—total, one hundred and thirty thousand men. Supposing each man to contain only one gallon of blood, there has been a total loss of two thousand one hundred and sixty-six hogsheads of human blood." Mr. Vatcher might, by way of completing this Peace-Society computation, calculate the weight of the bones of the slain and their agricultural value.

A selection from Milton's well-known couplet,

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles"

is turned to novel account by the Dramatic Critic of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. In his notice of the pantomime at the Tyne Theatre, he says:—"The kicks, quips, and cranks of the harlequinade were enlivened by the agile and graceful dancing of Mr. Robertson, the harlequin, and the Signora Crudelli." There is an air of discovery about the criticism which is refreshing. Are we to infer that the kicks were supplied by Columbine, the quips by Clown, and the cranks by Pantaloon?

In his recently published book on Turner, the sub-editor of the *Art Journal*, Mr. Dafforne, tells the following story—which, by the way, is a very old friend. A Venetian picture by Turner had been hung in the Academy by the side of a view of Ghent by his old friend George Jones, R.A. The blue in Jones's sky was very bright. "I'll out-blue you, Joney," said Turner, on one of the "varnishing days," deepening the sky of his own picture with a "scumble" of ultramarine as he spoke, "I've done you now, Georgie," he chuckled, as he passed on. But if so, it was a case of done on both sides. Jones, as soon as the other's back was turned, painted his own sky blank white, so as to throw the exaggerated azure of Turner's atmosphere into preposterously bold relief. "Well, Joney, you've done me now," remarked the great man, good humouredly, when he found how he had been checkmated; "but it must go." Who are the fortunate possessors of those famous pictures?

*Mayfair* has ceased to call itself a Journal of Society. "For this relief much thanks."

MEOW! meow! There is discontent among the cats. In proof thereof read this letter:—

Surrey Theatre, Blackfriars-road, Jan. 1, 1878.

SIR,—I beg to ask you whether you would be so good as to make an alteration in your critic of the Surrey pantomime. As I perceive by your paper that you have the part of "Cat" down as played by Master Forrest, instead of which it should have been Master D. Abrahams. If you could let me have a copy with my name attached to the critic, (*sic*) I should feel extremely obliged.—Believe me to be, Sir, yours obediently,

D. ABRAHAMS.

The following letter relates to a Note which appeared in last week's impression:—

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—In your issue of to-day there is a report of a case with certain remarks, which I feel sure you would not have made had you been aware of the facts. I refer to the recent seizure, under Lord Campbell's Act, of a publication of a most objectionable and obscene nature, entitled, "The Wild Boys of London." The nature of this book having been brought to the notice of the Society, proceedings were at once instituted against the publishers, and at the same time eleven persons, including the person Wells, referred to in your editorial remarks, were summoned to show cause why the stock in hand of that book should not be destroyed. The proceedings against the publishers were ultimately adjourned to the 27th instant. In the meantime, on the first hearing, ten of the eleven persons admitted the gross obscenity of the book, regretted having sold it, and at once submitted to the stock being destroyed, and were ordered to pay each 2s., the cost of the summons. The eleventh person, Wells, on the adjourned hearing of the summons, also submitted to the same order, as appears by the Report. On the 27th instant, the summonses against the publishers came on for hearing at the Guildhall, when the publishers, through their counsel, admitted the obscenity and dangerous tendency of the work, regretted its publication, consented to the destruction of the whole of the stock and the stereotype of the book; whereupon the Society, having in view the suppression of obscene works, and not necessarily the punishment of offenders, by consent of the Alderman, withdrew the summons for publishing: a similar order for the destruction of the stereotype and of the stock was made, as in the eleven other cases. I think, sir, with this explanation you will at once acquit this Society (which has been in existence for upwards of seventy years) of anything resembling a persecution. The enclosed Report will give you some idea of the extent of evil which the Society has had to deal with, and the measure of success which has attended its efforts. I am, Sir, yours obediently, C. A. COLLETTE, Sec.

23, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London, W.C. Dec. 29, 1877.



D.H. FRISTON del

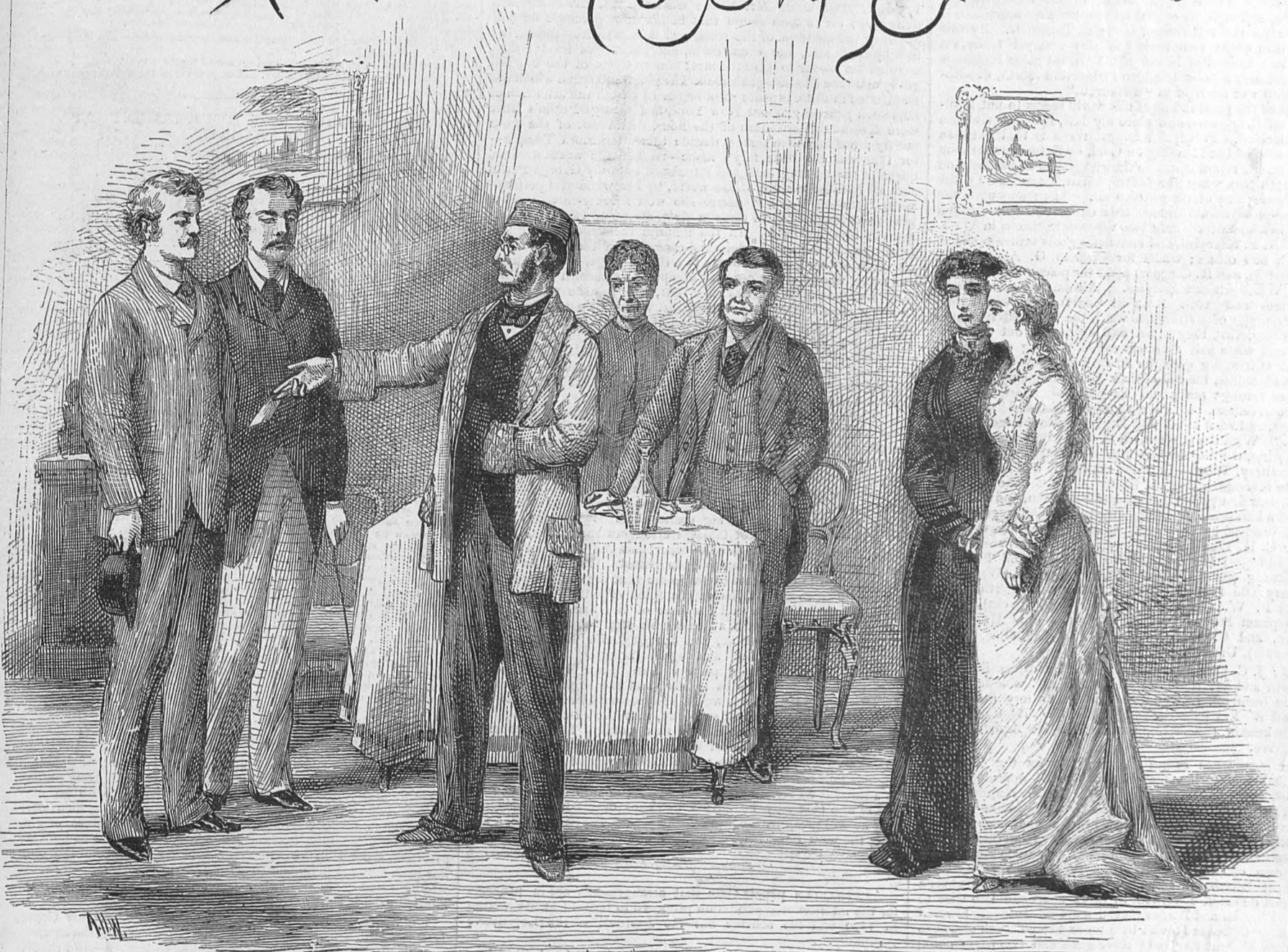
SCENES FROM "HARLEQUIN ROLEY POLEY," AT THE GRECIAN.

# OLD CHANGE DRAMATIC CLUB



# "The Two Roses"

THE GARDEN SCENE.



A Little "Cheque"

"JACK'S YARN."\*

'Twas a Monday night, the moon was shinin' bright,  
The winds had been a-blowin' all the day;  
We was sittin' in a ring, and lor' how we did sing!  
I reckon you'd ha' heard us 'cross the bay.  
I'd sung o' black-eyed Sue, who was so fond an' true,  
When we heard a sort o' splashin' in the sea,  
An' a nigger then we spied scramblin' up the starboard side,  
An' he tumbled on the deck in front o' we.  
Hillee, haullee, hillee ho, hillee, haullee he;  
The ship's a sailin' on the sea,  
An' every jolly Jack will soon be comin' back;  
Singing haullee, hillee, haullee, hillee ho!

The tears were on his cheek; he sobb'd and couldn't speak;  
He show'd us where his back was torn an' scored;  
He clutch'd us one an' all, an' he trembled like to fall,  
When he saw the white-faced planter come aboard.  
Then our Cap'n he upstood, so noble, proud an' good,  
An' the old nig were at his knee;  
"Every man is free," he cries, "where the British colour flies,  
An' I'll never give him up," says he.  
Hillee, haullee, hillee ho, &c.

Then the planter he grew pale, an' like a cur turn'd tail  
As quickly down the side went he;  
Or, on our British deck, he'd soon ha' found his neck:  
An' the poor old slave was free.  
So here's good luck an' life to our Cap'n an' his wife,  
God bless'n for his noble words, say we.  
For to free the slaves Britannia rules the waves,  
An' that's being Mis'ress of the sea!  
Hillee, haullee ho, &c.

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

THE festivities of the season are not conducive to out-door athletics, and therefore, this week I have little or nothing to notice, the only events that I am cognisant of having taken place, being a run by the West London Harriers, and the Ivanhoe Football Club Paper Chase. The former was what I may describe as a mutual consent run with a pace maker, instead of hares, making a race of it from a given point. I, for my part, do not see the utility of the proceeding, since the general rule, is to pick out one of the slowest runners to limit the pace, and in a spin home, the faster man has the benefit of a stayer, who would have beaten his head off, had they raced the whole course; moreover it is conducive to lack of speed, and at the present time "fencing" has given way to such an extent in favour of "scrambling," that if he cannot show fair face, a good cross-country jumper is knocked out, by a man, who, over a stiff course, would be a mere spectator, if he even had that indulgence. To resume, however, the W. L. H. had an enjoyable trot over the home country, and J. Stockham came in first, by five yards from J. E. Morris and J. Hall, who came in abreast, just in advance of C. F. Turner, (who is in racing parlance, "stones ahead of them") and C. Traves. The Ivanhoes who locate in the neighbourhood of Clapton, also enjoyed themselves on Saturday afternoon, but the usual mess of the trail was made, although the official return places a man, whom it states did not go the full course, first, viz., Dummett. By this argument a man might turn back half way and yet take first honours. From the notes before me, I should place Reynolds first, Marsh second, Brydon third, and Stapleton fourth, describing the remainder of the field as "distanced."

No amount of the good things of this world seems to put Football players off their game, and since my last, heaps of matches have been decided. Principal amongst these is that between London and Sheffield at Kennington Oval, on Saturday afternoon last. This was the return match to the one played at Sheffield on November 17th last, when the Metropolitan team won by the overwhelming majority of six goals to nil. The teams upon the present occasion were from unavoidable circumstances somewhat dissimilar, the Londoners losing two very useful backs in W. S. Rawson and A. F. Kinnaird, and an indefatigable centre in Wace, together with two others; whilst for Sheffield, G. Anthony, H. Sorby, T. Bishop, and R. Gregory, filled the places of T. Buttery, Woodcock, Wilkinson and Marples. Although the Londoners won the toss and took Racquet Court end, which gave them the advantage of a strongish wind, the Sheffielders played so well together, that they again and again got out of severe difficulties, and when half time was called, nothing definite had taken place. Changing ends the Sheffielders gave their opponents a deal of trouble, the fall of their goal being only prevented several times through the grand keeping of Warner. Play ensued fast and furious, but at length Wylie "headed" a goal for the Cockneys, and soon afterwards Doring made the score "two goals, love." With the desperation of men who knew that time was fast fleeting, the Northerners now penned their opponents in their own territory, Woodcock, Mosforth and J. C. Clegg, in turn just failing to score goals, and just before the call of time they managed to gain their first point by the aid of Wilkinson, and thus London secured a hard-earned victory, simply through the grand goal keeping of Warner, by two goals to one. The teams were—  
London : C. H. Woollaston (Wanderers) (captain) and Hubert Heron (Wanderers) (right side), P. Fairclough (Old Foresters) and W. Dorling (Barnes) (left side), J. G. Wylie (Wanderers) and F. Barry (Old Foresters) (centres), E. B. Haygarth (Wanderers) and F. W. Hotham (Herts Rangers) (backs), N. C. Bailey (Clapham Rovers) and B. G. Jarrett (Old Harrovians) (half backs), and C. Warner (Upton Park) (goal). C. W. Morico (Barnes), Umpire.

Sheffield : J. C. Clegg (captain) and G. P. Marples (left side), W. Mosforth and W. Wilkinson (right side), A. Woodcock and P. Paterson (centres), J. Houseley and T. Buttery (backs), J. Hunter and W. E. Clegg (half-backs), and W. H. Carr (goal). R. W. Dickenson (Sheffield), umpire; C. W. Alcock (Wanderers), referee.

Next in importance comes the final tie for the Yorkshire County Challenge Cup, value 50 guineas, the opposing teams being York and Halifax, and the game under Rugby Union Rules. Throughout, the play was sharply contested at first, but Halifax eventually proved the victors by a goal, one try and seven touches down, and touch in goal to six. The other matches I must, according to my wont, summarise. Clapham Rovers beat a weak team of Old Harrovians by three goals to nothing. Hagley beat Birmingham by five goals to two. Edinburgh Academicals defeated Liverpool by three goals and two tries to nothing. Pilgrims and Barnes played a draw. Institute lowered the colours of Clarence Rovers by a try and three touch downs to nothing; Arabs beat Eagles by three goals and two tries to nil; Brighton Wanderers beat South Norwood by two goals to one; Grey Friars, Mars by four goals to one; Mosquitoes and Buckhurst, Hendon and Olympic, Auckland Rangers and Dark Blues, all played drawn games, &c., &c.

\* Our illustration on page 400, By the kindness of Messrs. C. Jefferys, of 67, Berners-street, the well-known music publishers, we are enabled to give the words of this, one of the most popular songs of the day. The music is by Louis Diehl, and the words by F. E. Weatherly.

Trotting barely falls within the precincts of my article, but still in the dull season I am beholden to find some chit chat, where-withal to amuse my readers. In search of something to act as a slight tone to the festivities of the past few days, I journeyed on Tuesday to the Alexandra Palace, with the avowed intention of witnessing the match between Mr. W. Chance's mare Emily, and Mr. W. Pea's Grey Horse. Followers of trotting, will under any circumstances be there or thereabouts when a race or match of any description is on the tapis, and therefore a goodly number put in an appearance at Muswell Hill. Liberal odds were laid on the Horse, but why I cannot say, unless it was that the clever owner had most carefully kept his friends in ignorance of a fact that was palpable to the merest novice the moment his nag put in an appearance, since in all my experience I never saw man's hardest worked friend suffering from so severe an attack of mud fever as the grey was, and those who know the effect of that disorder would have laid any money against him. Some may say I am like the generality of people, and can be very wise after an event is over; be this as it may, the mare, despite the fact that she slightly over-reached herself before starting, assumed the lead in the first two hundred yards, and won as nearly as possible by a quarter of a mile. A match also took place on Monday, at the Abbey Hey Park Trotting Track, Gorton, the performers being Mr. W. Eille's Ivy and Mr. T. Holt's Tichborne. Three to one was freely laid on Ivy, who, in the hands of Archie Campbell, won by twenty yards, her opponent, steered by Andy McMann, being slightly amiss. Those grand trotters, Stargazer and Messenger are matched to trot the best of five heats with a flying start, for £100, the place of meeting being at one of the two grounds mentioned above. All fair and above board, I must advise my readers to stand Messenger. By exchange, I hear that that splendid American mare, Flora Temple, died on Dec. 21, at the ripe age of thirty-two years; the place where she succumbed being the farm of Mr. A. Welch, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. The following brief sketch of her doings from an American contemporary, will be at once amusing, interesting and valuable, as a record to all true lovers of the sport:—

"In 1845, near Utica, N.Y., there was foaled, on the farm of Samuel Welch, Esq., a little bay filly, got by One-Eyed Kentucky Hunter out of a mare by a spotted Arabian horse, owned by Horace Terry, that subsequently occupied a prominent place in the history of the American turf. She was an unpromising little thing at first, self-willed, and unmanageable, and at the age of four years she was sold to Wm. H. Congdon, of Smyrna, N.Y., for the insignificant sum of thirteen dollars, and Mr. Congdon very soon thereafter disposed of her to Kelly and Richardson for sixty-eight dollars, making, as he thought at the time, a very excellent sale of the unmanageable little filly. She changed hands once or twice afterwards, and finally, in June, 1850, Mr. Jonathan Vilee, of Dutchess County, N.Y., saw her as she was being led past his house, behind a drover's waggon. Her fine points at once attracted Mr. Vilee's attention, and he bought her for 175 dols. After keeping her barely two weeks he brought her to New York City, being thoroughly satisfied that in the little bob-tailed filly he had found a wonderfully good piece of horseflesh, and little doubting that, among the horse fanciers of the metropolis, he might easily find an opportunity to double his money. He found a purchaser, without much trouble, in Mr. G. E. Perrin, at 350 dols., and he returned to his home congratulating himself upon having so quickly cleared 175 dols. But while Mr. Vilee was satisfied, Mr. Perrin was delighted; for he soon found that in his new purchase he had obtained the mistress of the road, and that, notwithstanding her insignificant size, her even, clean, long, low, and level stride, enabled her owner to give the most famous flyers of the day the go-by upon the Bloomingdale road. The pluck and speed which she manifested in these brushes soon began to attract the attention of horsemen generally about New York, and George Perrin's little mare became the sensation of the hour. And not of the hour merely; but for more than a decade thereafter Flora Temple—for that was the little filly's name—reigned the acknowledged queen of the trotting turf, and astonished not only George Perrin and his friends, but the whole world, by her wonderful performances. During her turf career she won seventy-three races of mile heats (most of them three in five), eleven of two mile heats, and two of three miles. In the uniform excellence of her performance, her long and successful career upon the turf, and the retention of her highest powers to a ripe old age, she has never had a peer upon the trotting turf, excepting Goldsmith Maid. She made no figure upon the turf after 1861, although she was entered in a few races several years afterwards. She was put to breeding in 1868, and since then has produced three foals, the last one in 1871, a filly to imported Leamington.

Things do not look very bright in the Boxing Match between Allen and Charley Davis, the latter's backers seem very slow at coming to terms. If business be meant, for my part I cannot see why there should be so much finessing.

Billiards are unusually quiet, and one match alone lies before me. Yet this solitary contest was one that will provide a more interesting feature than any that have taken place for many a long time, from the fact that one of the persons engaged was the one man of his decade, John Roberts, Senior Champion of England at the time the lad who first lowered his colours was born. The erstwhile champion was conceding 250 points, and was beaten by 235. Another of those big tournaments is in prospective, the well-known makers of tables, Burroughes and Watts, having come forward with their usual douceur, and the list from which the players are to be taken has been issued. It is not for me to dictate, but it has been a wonder to me that the compliment has not been paid to the veteran ex-champion of putting him in one. He of all others, knows well the force of the maxim, that youth will be served, and with a reasonable start, could make one more appearance in public, and delight those who knew him in his prime, by now and again bringing out "an old fashioned one." Worse players than John Roberts, sen., have been indulged in this matter, and the slight recognition from, to him, a lot of boys would be approved by many if not all. I am informed, on the best authority, that the ex-champion, W. Cook, and S. W. Stanley, started this morning for the country seat of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, for the purpose of playing a series of exhibition matches before the assembled guests. Cook requires no such impetus to set him on his legs, but this should be a rare lift up for the younger player, who now has a chance before him that may be envied by heaps of his fellow-players; that he will grasp it, the substance and not the shadow, is, I am sure, the wish of all his well-wishers, and none more than

EXON.

AUSTRALIAN papers state that arrangements are in progress for the international exhibition proposed to be held at Melbourne in 1879, and the scheme has the approval of the Legislative Assembly.

ANOTHER addition to the comicalities of our Lord Chamberlain's office has been chronicled in the *Hornet*. There is a song in *La Marjolaine*, which is nightly encored, "She lost her way." In the chorus the nymphs on the stage joined, adding, "She went astray," but the censor of morals dramatic and arbiter of elegancies theatrical has cut the awfully awful naughtiness out. Instead of singing "She went astray," the proper young ladies now sigh "Alack-a-day!"

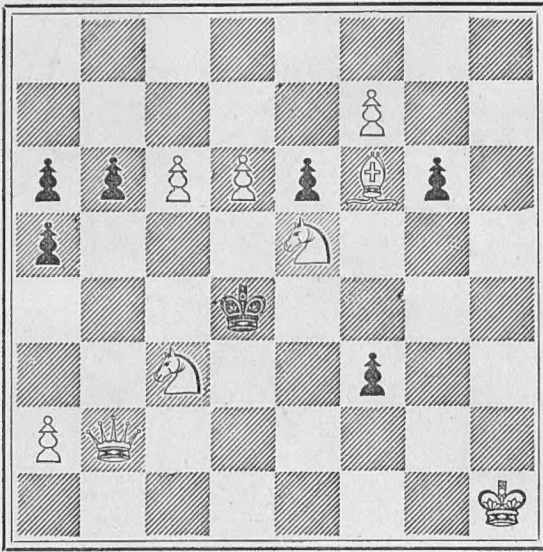
CHESS.

[Our Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably postponed until next week.]

PROBLEM NO. 171.

By M. FITZJOHN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

THE following instructive game was lately played at Pussell's, between Messrs. Mocatta and Potter:—

[King's Gambit.]

WHITE. (Mr. Mocatta.)	BLACK. (Mr. Potter.)	WHITE. (Mr. Mocatta.)	BLACK. (Mr. Potter.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	23. Kt P takes B	P to B 4
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	24. B to Q 5	Kt to B 3
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4 (a)	25. B takes Kt	Q takes B
4. P takes P	Kt to K B 3	26. R to R 7 (ch)	K to R sq
5. B to B 4	B to Q 3	27. Q to Ktsq	R to K 7
6. Castles	Castles	28. Q to Q 3	Q to K 5
7. P to Q 4	B to K Kt 5	29. Q takes P	P to Kt 5
8. Q to Q 3	P to B 3	30. Kt to R 4	R takes B
9. P takes P	Kt takes P	31. P to B 6	Q to K 6 (ch)
10. P to B 3	Q to B 2 (b)	32. K to R sq	Q to Q 6
11. P to Q Kt 4	Q R to K sq	33. Q takes Q	R takes Q
12. Kt to R 3	B to R 4	34. Kt takes P	K takes B P
13. B to Kt 3	B to Kt 3	35. Kt to K 7	Kt to K 5
14. Q to Q sq	P to Q R 3	36. P to B 7	P to B 6 (c)
15. Kt to B 4	Kt to K 5	37. P to B 8 (queen)	K R takes Q
16. B to Q 2	P to Kt 4	38. Kt takes R	R takes Kt
17. Kt to Kt 2	B to R 4	39. P takes P	P takes P
18. Kt to Q 3	P to Kt 4	40. R to R 3	Kt to B 7 (ch)
19. Q to B sq	P to R 3	41. K to Kt sq	Kt to R 6 (ch)
20. P to Q K 4	K to R 2	42. K to R sq	R to K Kt sq
21. P takes P	P takes P	43. R to R 2	B to B 2
22. Kt to B 5	B takes Kt		

(a) Quite good enough; for though it loses a pawn, it equalises the game, and avoids the perils of the gambit.  
(b) All Black's forces are now well arranged for an attack.  
(c) From this point to the end Mr. Potter plays with marvellous precision and force.

THE GRAND CHESS TOURNAMENT AT GRANTHAM.

THE score on Tuesday Evening was as follows:—

	A. Ensor.	Coker.	F. S. Ensor.	Ranken.	Rowley.	Skipworth.	Thorold.	Eaton.
A. W. Ensor	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Coker	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
F. S. Ensor	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ranken	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Rowley	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Skipworth	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Thorold	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Eaton	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.

SATURDAY, the 29th ult., deserves to be marked with the whitest piece of chalk in the annals of the City of London Club, for on that day the Club completed its twenty-fifth year, and the anniversary was celebrated at Moufflet's Hotel, in right joyous manner. Forty-two gentlemen gathered round the festive board on the occasion; and, after an excellent dinner had been partaken of, the ever-genial and most popular President, Mr. Gastineau, proposed, in his happiest style, the toast of the evening—"The continued prosperity of the City Club." Mr. Howard, one of its founders, responding thereto, graphically traced the progress of the Club during the period of its existence, and warmly congratulated the members upon its present condition, which he showed to be more flourishing than ever. Then followed brief but apt speeches laudatory of those members, who, in various ways, and by valuable service, had contributed to the present prosperity of the Club. The gentlemen so marked out for special notice, were Messrs. Manning, Down, Potter, MacDonnell and Murton; all of whom were present, and returned suitable thanks for the honour so accorded to them. The veteran, Mr. Murton, now in his 87th year, was particularly happy in his reply. Mr. A. Delaunoy, the distinguished contributor to "La Stratégie," also made a speech, full of poetic thoughts, and delivered with much grace and animation. The pleasures of the entertainment were further enhanced by the highly humorous recitations of Mr. H. Down, and some very pleasing music eloquently rendered by Messrs. Heywood, Mellor, MacDonnell, Gastineau, and Smith. The last two toasts, that of the President, and that of our "absent friends"—the latter coupled with the names of Messrs. Bird and Duffy now on their way home from New York—evoked immense enthusiasm. On the whole, a happier or more successful meeting was never held by any body of chess-players.

IN London a new club of young men, said to be "of genius," have bound themselves "with an oath," to present every pretty, tolerably pretty, and passable actress in London with an umbrella. Who can doubt the genius of the said young men after this? The rumour is not of London, but of American origin, and furthermore states that the geniuses for umbrellas and pretty actresses, are all to be young men of position, that the club has been founded in honour of Miss Lydia Thompson, and that it will be called "The Folly." "Great Wits to Madness nearly are allied," even if they be young men of position.

The *Sportman's Pocket Book: Sportsman Office*, Boy Court, Ludgate Hill, not only carries out in every particular the comprehensive pledge which is set forth on the title page—and that is saying no little in its favour—it is emphatically "a remembrancer and a work of reference for the world of sport." The method of compilation adopted is admirable, and in the result we have a pocket book crammed full of information necessary for almost every description of sport (to borrow a word from the vocabulary of our American cousins), and published at a price which brings it within the reach of the most modest purse.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## NOTES.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—In your amusing paper of the 22nd inst., I find miscellaneous, some lines on the Hills. I'll give my version:—

Why hop ye so, you little Hills,  
Ye little Hills, why do ye hop?  
Is it because you've come to see  
His Grace the Archbishop?

I think "mourn" quite out of place; no doubt "locality" rules in the two last lines; yours' dates from Marlboro, mine from Harewood, Yorkshire, the seat of the noble Earl of that name. The worthy clerk of that said parish was somewhat of a character, open to the comments and practical jokes of visitors from Leeds. On one occasion, knowing or suspecting he would select a particular Psalm, they contrived, ere service, to cleverly insert a musical score of "Chevy Chase" below his favourite number. Soberly puzzled was he, when he read aloud, "And a hunting we will go, my boys!" Wiping his spectacles, he held a soliloquy, and, "Yes, it is," to his satisfaction, set him off in full cry. A funny story is told of the official of another village, whose "green" is still "verdant." The new vicar, years ago, was anxious to prove himself a "new broom," by improvements in our antique Psalmody. After a painstaking drill, he and we his audience, were surprised—dare I add, amused?—by his roaring out after a short start, "Stop! stop! we must begin over again, we've gotten't wrong pitch!" and suiting his action to his words, drew forth his "tuneful pipe" to give us a fresh lead. The most amusing "clerkly" story out, however, is how two "collaborateurs," one fond of matrimonial dinners, the other of similar cakes, muffins and teas, "served each other out." Clerk had an engagement to the latter; his superior contrived to thwart it. Parson had ditto to the former, and cut his sermon short in anticipation thereof. Clerk, in revenge, having suborned the choir, gave out the 119th Psalm, "all on't." Four hours they kept it up. The parson gained credit by hearing it out.—RUS.

## THEATRICALS AT ALDERSHOT.

DEAR SIR,—Reading the critique upon the "Theatricals at Aldershot" in your paper of to-day, it struck me that I might suggest a thing that all managers of amateur theatricals appear to forget, i.e., they never give sufficient time to their actors and actresses to learn their parts. In reference to *Babes in the Wood*, I know for a fact that the people acting had only ten days to get it up in, and that Lady Blanche only twice rehearsed her part with Lord Lazenby, and that there had only been three full rehearsals, including the dress rehearsal, so it can hardly be wondered at that the piece was not perfect. Lady Blanche had a long and hard part to learn, and I think, taking all into consideration, I agree with your correspondent that the piece was fairly acted from beginning to end, and I for one wish the little theatre in Z lines every success, for at any rate they try hard to do their best, and always succeed in giving us all very pleasant evenings.—I am, Sir, yours,

A LOOKER ON.

Aldershot, December 29, 1877.

## PIKE AND PERCH FISHING.

THAT wolf of the water, "the wary lue" "tyrant of the watery plains," who

Midst wrack and rushes hid,  
The scourge and terror of the scaly brood,

also marks for prey the innocent duckling, the terrified water rat, "the dab-chick and the moor-hen"—all's fish that comes to his voracious maw—may well pray for the departure of November and December. For in those months pike or jack fishing is most in favour, and on a clear, cold day, when the water is gently roughened, such a scene as our clever artist, Mr. J. Temple, has depicted on another page, may often be witnessed by ramblers on the river's banks. With Old Father Thames the pikes attain no great size, although occasionally a large fish is taken, and if a rolb fish is secured the angler should go his way happy and contented. Yet we must not complain of Thames pike fishing, however, for as the sport now goes in this country, it is by no means the worst place for its practice. "Alas!" exclaims the author of "Fish and Fishing," "Alas! that there should not be more good jack-fishing to be got in England than is now obtainable. I say in England, because of the multitude of English anglers, more or less of a humble kind, who cannot afford either the time or money to get to Scotland or Ireland."

It is otherwise with perch-fishing, for perch abound in British waters, and at this time of the year, many a wary angler takes the early train to Maidenhead, where his punt is awaiting him, and where, out in the river, enthroned in its stern upon a Windsor chair, he reigns—if the sport be good—as happy as a king—living upon his finny subjects, and heedless of their fate, so that his net be full, and they make "a dainty dish to set before a king." Mr. Manly tells how capricious and shy the Thames perch are, and that a 2lb fish is a *rara avis* amongst them, although one day he met one who told him that, just above Teddington Lock he had known a total weight of 32lbs. of perch taken in a few hours, and that, amongst the fish thus taken were "several of 2½lbs each and three of 3½lbs each." But this was an astounding piece of luck, such as falls to the luck of very very few. Mr. Manly's opinion, expressed in the book already referred to is, that for perch fishing the best water in England is the Kennet, from Hungerford to Reading.

A DECIDEDLY novel and interesting entertainment was given at Biggleswade on Friday last. It consisted of readings from Longfellow, Aytoun, Hood and Poe, illustrated by original musical and scenic effects. The scenery and music were specially produced for the occasion, and were thoroughly effective. The well arranged programme was well rendered, and elicited loud and continued applause from a crowded, fashionable, and enthusiastic audience. The entertainment concluded with Mr. H. C. Merivale's farce, *A Husband in Clover*, sustained very cleverly by Mr. John Ryland, Jun., the Manager, and Miss Marion Ward-rop.

THE Skating Rinks are being partially converted into Music Halls in different parts of the country, and we learn from *Mayfair* that one of the best in London, the Marble Rink in the Clapham Road, is to be supplemented by a theatre. Mr. Timewell, the proprietor, has consulted Mr. Jethro Robinson, who seems to design all theatres now, and who, by an odd coincidence, likewise inspects them officially for the Lord Chamberlain.

THE Irish Champion Athletic Ground at Lansdown-road, Dublin, witnessed the inauguration of trotting meetings in Ireland. In addition, a big 120 Yards Handicap was decided, and though the attendance was very poor, this may be fully accounted for by the fact that the day was most inclement. In the trotting, Jenny Grey, the property of Mr. John Slattery, the fastest Juhu in Dublin, was successful, although in judicious hands Ragman would have won very easily. All things considered, the maiden attempt to establish trotting in Dublin was fairly successful. In the flat race handicap-Young had always the prize at his mercy.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## MANCHESTER STEEPLECHASES AND HURDLE RACES.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1.

The TRAFFORD PARK HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; two miles.

Mr. T. Horne's ch m Duchess of Gloucester, by Duke, dam by Teddington—Tidy, aged, 10st 12lb ..... Mr. G. S. Lowe 1  
Mr. Randall's b h Rattleaway, aged, 10st 10lb ..... S. Toon 2  
Mr. St. James's b m Melitta, aged, 11st 7lb ..... Owner 3  
Mr. Jessop's br g Roman Bee, aged, 12st ..... R. Marsh 0  
11 to 8 agst Roman Bee, 2 to 1 agst Melitta, 5 to 1 agst Duchess of Gloucester, and 10 to 15 agst Rattleaway. Won easily by fifteen lengths; Melitta walked in a bad third.

The MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; about one mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. J. Jessop's b g Roynce Water, by Solon—Lyra, 6 yrs, 11st 3lb ..... R. Ma sh 1

Mr. R. Howett's b m Malplaquet, 6 yrs, 11st 1lb ..... Skelton 2  
2 to 1 on Roynce Water, who won by ten lengths.

The SALFORD SELLING HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs. One mile and a half.

Mr. J. Williamson's b f Belinda, by Mandrake—Timaru, 5 yrs, 12st 2lb ..... J. Prince 1

Mr. R. M. Gowan's ch c Hunger, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb ..... R. Marsh 2

Mr. W. P. Greenall's b c Chief, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb ..... S. Daniels 3

Mr. G. Palmer's b g Woodcote, aged, 12st 7lb ..... Cross 0

5 to 4 on Belinda, 3 to 1 agst Chief, and 5 to 1 agst Woodcote. Five furlongs from home Woodcote over-jumped himself and came down a burster, and with Chief in trouble directly afterwards, Hunger went on second, but could never get on terms with Belinda, who won easily by four lengths; a bad third. The winner was not sold.

The WILTON HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile and three-quarters.

Mr. H. Robertson's b g Juvenis, by Young Melbourne—Niké, aged, 11st 12lb ..... Barlow 1

Mr. W. Pearson's b f Domiduca, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb ..... S. Daniels 2

Mr. Ambery's b c Lancaster, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb ..... S. Toon 3

Also ran: Somebody's Child, aged, 10st 8lb; Moselle, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb. 5 to 4 on Juvenis, 3 to 1 agst Domiduca, 5 to 1 agst Moselle, 20 to 1 (at first 7 to 2) agst Lancaster. Won by a neck; a head between second and third.

The MANCHESTER HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 10 sovs each, with 150 added. Two miles and a half.

Mr. J. Johnson's ch g Lancet, by Baldwin—Alfred's dam, aged, 11st ..... S. Daniels 1

Mr. T. A. Huband's ch m Dewdrop, aged, 10st 8lb ..... Mr. E. P. Wilson 2

Mr. J. Gartlan's br g Rocksavage, aged, 12st (inc 7lb extra) ..... Mr. St. James 3

Mr. R. Anderson's b h Saracen, aged, 10st 5lb ..... J. Rudd 0  
2 to 1 agst Lancet, 3 to 1 agst Dewdrop, 3 to 1 agst Rocksavage, and 4 to 1 agst Saracen. Won by six lengths; a bad third.

WEDNESDAY.

The OLDHAM STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 50 sovs. About 2 miles.

Mr. J. Walton's b m Moselle, by Parmesan—Bill of Fare, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb ..... S. Darling 1

Mr. W. Quartley's ch h Anchorite, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb (£50) ..... J. Smith 0  
7 to 4 on Moselle, who came in alone.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 50 sovs. Two miles on the flat.

Mr. R. Howett's ch g Puck, by Midsummer—Mimoso, 5 yrs, 13st 3lb ..... Mr. R. Shaw 1

Mr. R. Parker's f by Bromielaw—Elsham Lass, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb ..... Mr. H. M. Rudd 2

Mr. R. M'Gowan's b h Adieu, aged, 13st 7lb ..... H. Marsh 3

Also ran: Zaandam, aged, 13st 3lb; Orange Boy, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb; Ace of Diamonds, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb. 5 to 4 on Puck, 3 to 1 agst Elsham Lass filly, 5 to 1 agst Zaandam, 8 to 1 agst Adieu, and 20 to 1 agst others. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

The STAMFORD HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; winner to be sold for 40 sovs. About two miles.

Mr. J. Williamson's b m Belinda, by Mandrake—Timaru, 5 yrs, 12st. ..... J. Prince 1

Mr. Greenall's b c Chief, 4 yrs, 10st. ..... S. Daniels 2

Mr. E. Will's ch m Duchess of Gloucester, aged, 12st 7lb ..... Mr. G. S. Lowe 3

Mr. Brady's Don Quixote 5 yrs 11st 4lb ..... Fox 0  
6 to 5 agst Duchess of Gloucester, 2 to 1 agst Belinda, and 4 to 1 agst Chief. Won by six lengths.

The IRWELL SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; winner to be sold for 40 sovs. About two miles.

Mr. Quartly's b h Anchorite, by Hermit—Predigonde, 5 yrs 11st ..... J. Smith 1

Mr. J. Toon's b h Rattleaway, a, 12st 7lb ..... Mr. E. P. Wilson 0

Mr. Jarvis's b g Neptune, aged, 12st 7lb ..... Fox 0  
5 to 1 on Rattleaway, who came in alone.

The LANCASHIRE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; the second saved his stake; about three miles.

Capt. Bates's ch m Pride of Kildare, by Plum Pudding or Canary—Hibernia, aged, 12st 1lb ..... Mr. G. Moore 1

Mr. J. Johnson's ch g Lancet, aged, 11st 12lb (inc 10lb ex) ..... S. Daniels 2

Mr. R. Barker's b g Number One, aged, 11st 4lb ..... T. Heartfield 0

5 to 4 on Pride of Kildare, 6 to 4 agst Lancet, and 10 to 1 agst Number One. Won by three lengths.

The HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; winners extra. About one mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. R. Howett's b f Malplaquet, by Moulsey—Miss Livingstone, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb ..... Skelton 1

Mr. I. Bate's bl m Miss Gertrude, aged, 11st ..... J. Toon 2

Mr. J. Hopwood's b g Bloxwich, aged, 10st 3lb ..... J. Hopwood, Jun. 3

Mr. Atkinson's b g Caballo de Oros, 5 yrs, 10st ..... Mr. G. S. Lowe 0

2 to 1 on Miss Gertrude, 9 to 4 agst Bloxwich, and 5 to 2 each agst Malplaquet and Caballo de Gros. Won by a length and a half, four lengths separating second and third.

ASHDOWN OPEN COURSE MEETING.—The following stakes will close to H. F. Stocken, Esq., 67, London-road, Brighton, on 26th February, at six o'clock, viz., Craven Cup, the Uffington Stakes, the Ashdown Stakes, the Lambourn Stakes and the Compton Stakes. Full particulars in our advertisement.

SUSSEX OPEN COURSE MEETING, PLUMPTON.—In another part of our paper will be found full particulars of the closing of the entries for the Southern Cup, the Plumpton Stakes, the Ditchling Stakes, and the Street Place Stakes, which close to H. F. Stocken, Esq., London-road, Brighton, on February 4th, 3 p.m.

Mr. PEDDIE's address is  
2, Place Frédéric Sauvage,  
Boulogne-sur-Mer.—[Adv't.]

## PIGEON SHOOTING, &amp;c.

## THE GUN CLUB, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

TWELVE members of the Gun Club competed on Saturday at Shepherd's-bush in a £3 Handicap Sweepstakes, at seven birds each, 17 yards boundary, the club adding a cup valued at £15. The first prize and £26 eventually fell to Mr. Sydney, who stood at 25 yards and killed six out of seven. Mr. H. Rae-Reid being second and receiving £10. Several other sweepstakes of minor importance were also decided.

## PIGEON SHOOTING AT MONACO.

The first day of the bi-weekly meetings for this sport took place on Thursday week, and the attendance was very numerous and fashionable. The first prize, an object of art added to a sweepstakes of 50fr. each, was gained by M. Lafond; and the second prize, 30 per cent. of the entries, by Baron de Saint-Clair. Some supplementary pools were won or divided by Captain Fane, the Viscount de Corberon, the Count du Chastel, and Baron de Saint-Trivier.

THE method of transferring drawings to wood blocks by photography for the purpose of engraving has long been known, although attended constantly by technical difficulties, which have occupied attention with a view to their removal. The chemical preparations hitherto in use appear to have produced a surface too hard and brittle for engraving purposes. Such difficulties are now altogether avoided by what is known as the "Hentschell process," which has lately been purchased by Mr. John Swain, the well-known mechanical draughtsman and engraver, of the Strand. This process is simply invaluable. The grain, or surface, of the wood is hardened and prepared for the graver by the processes employed to fix the picture.

## HUNTING NOTES.

BY A HUNTING MAN.

THE sport in Gloucestershire has, up to the present, been above the average—Mr. Richardson Gardner, having, at great expense, formed a splendid hunting establishment to hunt the Cheltenham country with a pack of staghounds. It is many years since that part was hunted by staghounds, and the handsome way the whole thing is now carried out—horses, hounds, deer, and everything connected being of the best sporting character—it is a very great boon to the hunting world of Gloucestershire, and Cheltenham has reason to be gratified for so much liberality on the part of Mr. Gardner. He is himself a very hard rider, and is splendidly mounted. He had a fine hunting run of an hour and a half, over a capital country. I am in hopes of having a day with them very soon, when I can more fully describe the whole affair. The meet on Monday in the Harrow country was the last one for this season, as they do not hunt that country after Christmas. The foot people mustered in hundreds, and were all over the country. It appeared to me that not only Uxbridge but the whole country turned out to see the meet, and when the deer was uncared the was headed in all directions, but being a very good one, she soon got away, and a capital good gallop over the grass was the result, the run finishing in the neighbourhood of Harefield with plenty of good fencing. It is very singular how some deer will, time after time, run the same line. I know many instances of that. There was a stag called "The Doctor" who would always run to Windsor or Clewer. Turn him out anywhere near Wokingham or Binfield, he would be certain to get there, and on one occasion, it being at the close of the season, they left him in Windsor Park to have a summer's run. Another stag, called "Sepoy," would always run to Missenden. I have known him go the same fields by Amersham Bottom, across the lake at Shardeloes, and on to Missenden, for years. Another, called "Farmers' Glory," would do the same thing, but always ran to Chorley Woods. It is very extraordinary how they get this strange instinct, but I fancy they remember where they were first taken, and so try and get there again. It is capital fun catching the deer for hunting in Windsor Park. You first single out the particular stag; or hind, you want, and then ride straight at the herd, and, keeping your eye fixed on the one, ride it down where there are two large nets placed, and when you have the deer in the ride he will jump at the first and fall into the second, where he is secured until the deer-cart takes him to the paddock. I have known it sometimes be a lot of trouble even catching them in the paddock the morning you hunt them.

Last week, while the Queen's were running their deer, some cowardly scoundrel (from behind a tree) shot the stag in the head, rendering it necessary to kill the animal. It is a pity he was not discovered at once, so that he might have got the chastisement he so richly deserved. Four seasons ago a stag was shot with these hounds; but that was purely a mistake. The Queen's had a day in the Duke of Beaufort's country, and had a very long day—the deer getting away from the hounds, and a farmer seeing what he thought a stray stag, shot him; but was very sorry to find it was a hunted one. I remember a fox being shot before the hounds, but the farmer who did it did not show up at market for many weeks, as he had had the tip that he would most likely get a ducking in the River Ouse. The Household Brigade still continue their fun. They had a capital day on Wednesday last, met at Redstone Farm, at that good sporting farmer, Mr. Headington, who as usual, was glad to see all at his house. The line was a stiff one, and plenty of banks and ditches. Away to Folkestone Park, where they had their check, when the master laid the hounds on again, and piloting the field to Winkfield—being seven miles—quite enough for any one. Lords Cochrane, Ker, Hon. Carrington, Colonel and Lady Follett, rode well. The going was very heavy in places.

The South Berks have been doing very well, and the huntsman, Richard Roake, had a handsome and well-executed oil painting presented to him on Monday last. It represents Roake mounted on a favourite grey hunter (now dead) and surrounded by his favourite hounds. The portraits of the huntsman, horse, and hounds are very truthful, and the artist, Mr. C. R. Havell, of Reading, deserves great credit for its masterly production. On the frame is the following inscription:—"Presented to Richard Roake, by a few friends of the South Berks Hunt, 1877."

The Surrey Staghounds have been having good runs, but unfortunately Bentley, the huntsman, is still seriously ill, and fears are entertained that he will not carry the "horn" again. It is much to be regretted, for no man rode harder to his hounds than did Jim Bentley. The deer "Lady Golightly," who got away from the pack, and has been for some time left out, was taken on Friday. The Master, Mr. Robinson, hunts the hounds, and the sport during the last fortnight has been first rate, and good gallops the order of the day.

The trying-place of the Curraghmore on Thursday week was Kiclash, near the old castle of the Butlers, and here there was a large and most fashionable assembly to meet the noble Marquis and his magnificently-trained pack, which seemed all over the very pink of perfection. Amongst those out we observed—The Marquis of Waterford (Master), the Marchioness of Waterford, and Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., from Curraghmore; her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans and Miss Smith, from Newtown Anner; Mr. S. W. Perry, D.L.; Mrs. Bookey Woodroffe, Mr. Raymond de la Poer; Mr. Wardrop, 3rd Dragoon Guards; Mr. Pelly, R.A., Clonmel; Mr. Benjamin Going, Ballyphilip; Mr. W. A. Riall, Annerville; Miss Quin, Mrs. Gandy, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Samuel Richard Grubb, Castlegrace; Mr. D. B. O'Brien, Thurles; Mr. and Miss Mandeville, Ballyquicken; Mr. T. G. Phillips, Clonmel; Mr. J. M. Murphy, Mr. J. B. Grubb, Quay House; Mr. J. Bell, Mr. Octavian Mansfield, Mr. Walter Mansfield, Landscape; Mr. F. Osborne Springfield, Messrs. Quinlan, Ballinacorney and Mangantown; Mr. P. Quinlan, Suirmount, besides a host of others. The first draw was Kiclash—found; and after a short delay—sufficient to allow the early frost to clear off the lowlands—we proceeded to Ballynoran gorse, out of which we had a very fast run towards Carrick; turned to the left, and at a farm-house the hounds checked. All stood wondering what had become of their fox; but the varmint was evidently there or thereabouts, as not a bound could be drawn off. Wilson (the whip) entertaining the same opinion, made a closer search, when led in the manger of a stable, the fox was found lying *perdu*. Off he was rattled at a tremendous pace for a short distance, when he again disappeared, having been marked to ground. Next went on to Wilmer, where there were any number of foxes afoot. Settled upon one, and he ran towards Dovehill, and on to the railway. Took the iron track for about a mile, when the mail train was sighted dashing along towards them at full speed. All attempts to stop the hounds on the part of Lord Waterford, the two whips, and Mr. Springfield, failed. On they kept, as if nothing could stop them. The fox jumped over the fence for a moment, just to allow the iron monster to pass, while the pack feathered out in the most artistic style, on either side of the train. Not a hair of one of them was touched. The fox, having returned to the railway track, the hunt was continued for some distance, when he got to ground. "The shades of evening," &c., now proclaimed the hour for separation, after a very enjoyable day.

The West Norfolk hounds had on Tuesday a grand meet at Houghton-hall, the seat of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, at which were present the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princes Albert Victor and George, Prince and Princess Christian, and a large party of guests, who drove over from Sandringham.

On the same day the South Oxfordshire Hounds met at Thame. A fox was found at Priestend; after making for Rycott he doubled back and ran up the open street of Thame and took refuge in the yard of an inn; he was then taken out, and, amidst intense excitement, was killed in the centre of the town. Being market day, there was a great crowd of people, and the Earl of Macclesfield and a large field were present. The dogs crossed the Great Western Railway before entering the town, and a passenger train was stopped to allow them to pass.

A novel kind of entertainment, under the title of "A Grand Skating Carnival," was held in the Royal Albert Rink at Gloucester on New Year's-eve, when some gentlemen of the city, forty in number, appeared in masquerade costume, and joined with the general crowd.

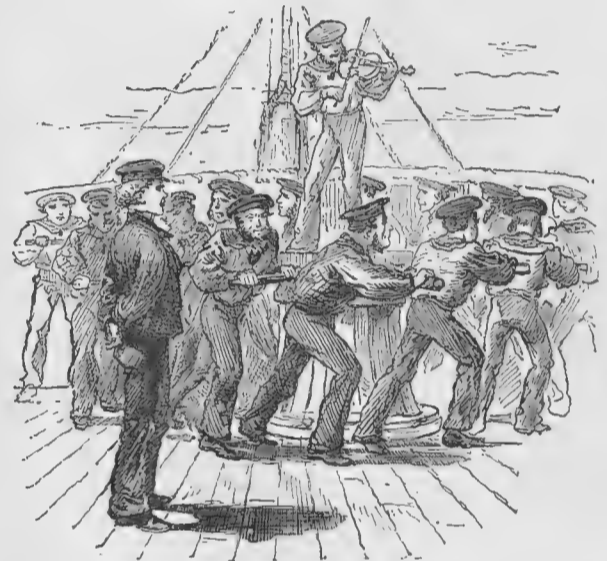
THE *New York Sportsman*, speaking of the New York police as athletes, says no institution of modern days has been more rapid in its growth than the Police Athletic Club, and no mushroom growth has it been. It is as solid as it is large, and probably stands out at the present day as one of the foremost institutions of its kind in the world. From its very inception we predicted that it would be a large organisation, but we must candidly acknowledge that it has far surpassed in magnitude any of our expectations, nor were we prepared to see it produce such good men as it has. The idea, as we take it, in forming this institution was for the advancement of the physical culture of our police force, not for the production of amateur athletes; but so great was the ardour with which some of the members entered into the spirit of the thing that they very soon began to develop into really good athletes, gymnasts, oarsmen, &c., quite a number of whom can be seen practising almost any afternoon and evening. Strangers would do well to pay a visit to the gymnasium on Thirty-fourth-street and Third Avenue, and witness for themselves some of the exercises indulged in by these brawny guardians of the peace. If they are admirers of perfect form and muscular development, they can feast their eyes on innumerable specimens, and they will also see one of the best appointed gymnasiums in the world.



"Confronted by a row of wolves."—*Jungle, Peak, and Plain*, p. 53. Cassell, Pelter, and Galpin.



"How can I swear to forsake him,  
Who is dearer to me than myself?"  
*Logrono*. Marcus Ward and Co.



"Frederic Norwood was watching with delight the men running round with the capstan and keeping step to the lively tunes of the band."—*The Flag Lieutenant*. Marcus Ward and Co.



"Taboed."—*Coralie*. Marcus Ward and Co.



"The Escape."—*Coralie*, by C. H. Eden. (See page 374.)



"Shows that the loss of a horse's shoe may be a serious inconvenience."—*Waverley Novels*. Marcus Ward and Co.

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

GRAMERCY, let me pause for a moment, and reflect. By'r lady, we are now in the year of '78. Twelve weary moons have passed since '77 first saw the light. This may not be an extraordinary fact, but it is a fact, nevertheless. And facts are usually respectable things, which a writer need not be ashamed of stating in a simple unpretending manner, when his brilliant fancies are not thick-coming.

'77, as a theatrical year, had many failings. Indeed, I am not at all certain but that it deserves to be considered a rather poor year in the annals of the stage. Its page in the history of "ancient Drury" is, to say the least of it, dreary. Andrew Halliday having gone to his rest, it was incumbent upon Mr. Chatterton to find another author to furnish dialogue for a new "spectacular" drama. The poetical W. G. Wills, whose *Jane Shore* had proved a remarkable success at the Princess's, seemed the most likely dramatist to fill the place of him who "discovered Sir Walter Scott." Mr. Wills, however, contrived to "discover" so very much more in *Peveril of the Peak* than that romance contained, or than the requirements of spectacular drama demanded, that *England in the Days of Charles II.* was only able to "drag its slow length along" for a few weeks, in spite of many literary merits, and much good acting. The whilom very successful *Amy Robsart* had speedily to be revived in its place. And Halliday's practical stage-authorship proved, even at second hand, more satisfying to the palate of the playgoer than Wills's Elizabethan pentameters.

The Shakspearean drama in '77 was, everything considered, not unworthily represented by Mr. Henry Irving's revival of *Richard*



*A charming Widow.*

*III.* at the Lyceum. But although Colley Cibber's time-honoured version of that historical drama was utterly discarded, and the name of the clever Restoration play-wright held up to much gratuitous derision, there will still remain numerous practical students of the stage who are not convinced of the superiority of Mr. Irving's edition of *Richard III.* to Colley Cibber's. Shakspeare at the Lyceum, however, seemed to be growing slightly monotonous to the general public, so that Mr. Irving found it advisable to return to those depths of gloomy melodrama, wherein he was first fortunate to enthrall the imagination of London audiences. The *Lyons Mail* appears to have been sufficiently successful to warrant its revival.

Melodrama has had a good innings in '77. Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Charles Reade have been the chief expounders in this class of dramatic art. Their productions at the Lyceum and the Olympic Theatres during the past year have been attended with more or less success. Rather less I think. Boucault has been profusely revived at the Adelphi, and seems to be the only safe card to play in the doubtful game of theatrical management. Mr. H. J. Byron at the Princess's underwent wholesale but not surprising condemnation, for his melodrama *Guinea Gold*. The piece notwithstanding, from occult causes, achieved a very decent "run." The vicissitudes of Mr. Labouchere's remarkable theatre in Long Acre have been too many and varied for me to summarise them. Happily, some of these days the public will take it into their heads to frequent the Queen's.

Mr. Righton's campaign at the Globe appears to have been fortunate and successful. Its success may be attributed to the



*The Crushed Butterfly.*

popularity of Mr. Paul Merritt's *Stolen Kisses*, a play which is full of telling dramatic qualities.

At the Prince of Wales's and the Court Theatres, the two houses wherein modern comedy is represented in the most refined and finished manner our stage affords—revived plays by Mr. Tom Taylor have proved abundantly profitable. At the Court, the great event of the year has, of course, been the posthumous production of Lord Lytton's *House of Darnley*. The prestige of the author's name naturally drew multitudes to see this play. The work in itself, however, is by no means an adequate successor to *Money*.

Burlesque has flourished most effectively at the Gaiety. At the Strand it holds its own with vigour. French opera-bouffe and water at the Alhambra, Royalty, and Folly have been of the accustomed pattern. *Our Boys* is in its second childhood at the Vaudeville. At the Haymarket, Gilbert's *Engaged* proved an unique and brilliant *tour-de-force*. While the topmost peak of popularity has been attained by the "naughty" *Pink Dominoes*,



*Wishie Hill's latest assumption.  
Where is the Lord Chamberlain?*

out of which, not only in London, but throughout the entire kingdom, Mr. Charles Wyndham has been reaping a golden harvest.

The mention of this lively gentleman's name brings me to the legitimate subject of my week's criticism, *A Night of Terror*, at the Folly Theatre. Indeed, the rapid and perhaps incomplete summary of the theatrical year, which I have occupied myself with above was in a measure forced upon me. For I found upon consideration that the "flat burglary from the French," which Messrs. Wyndham and Matthison have "committed," is altogether too slight to afford material for an entire article. It is in truth no more than a screaming farce prolonged into three acts by the aid of musical embellishments. Doubtless the success attendant upon his Palais Royal plagiarism has proved to Mr. Wyndham that the appetite for highly spiced and equivocal plays grows stronger and more general amongst the theatre-going public. Therefore his search after convertible French naughtiness becomes naturally more assiduous. There is no reason in the world apparently why a manager with such a keen scent in these matters as his should not supply half a dozen theatres with *Nights of Terror*. The Folly piece is plainly founded on a vaudeville of the very coarsest and most indecent description. But so thoroughly has Mr. Matthison, who is an adept in this kind of adaptation, done away with the primary and most evil suggestions it contains, that only the broader innuendoes are apparent. The fun of the piece is altogether dependent upon "comic business," all of



*Mandarin Scandal*

which is of that violent kind peculiar to the comic scenes of a pantomime. Indeed, the whole affair might very well serve as the harlequinade of a Christmas pantomime; the cast as follows:—

Clown .....	Mr. W. J. Hill.
Pantaloon .....	Mr. Charles Ashford.
Harlequin .....	Mr. Philip Day.
Policeman .....	Mr. John Howson.
Columbines .....	Misses, Kate Munroe and Violet Cameron.

Serious criticism would be absurd upon such a piece as this. But it cannot be denied that so fast and furious does the horse play become, that it is impossible for a good humoured spectator to resist the infection of it and refrain from smiling. Certainly the most comic figure in the piece is Mr. W. J. Hill, as the enamoured blacksmith. This droll comedian goes through the clowning with a degree of abandonment highly ludicrous. Mr. Philip Day, as Frank Murray, is not behind in vivacity, and his struggles when he is concealed between a fire screen and a roasting fire are of the good old pantomime pattern. Anthony Merrybird is not a part suited to Mr. John Howson. Mr. Ashford is a good pantaloon. As for the columbines, well, neither of them seems to have been able to form a clear idea of the sort of character she is called upon to represent. And I don't wonder at that. With regard to Miss Cameron especially, I should say that beyond her designation in the play bill as a "young widow," she must be quite mystified as to the *raison d'être* of Marguerite Vere de Vere and that young person's moral peculiarities. It is as well that this should be so.

### "PLEVNA," AT THE CANTERBURY.

AMONG the numerous Christmas entertainments none, so far as instruction goes—and it is worth while learning something even in holiday time—will cause more pleasure than the scenes of the present war as disclosed at the Canterbury, in the exhibition significantly called "Plevna." Leaving for the moment the attractions of the ballet—for ballet reigns in right good pre-eminence at this house—the management has produced a spectacle which has this great merit about it, that it is not the depiction of war scenes, events, and costumes, as imagined by scenic artist and contorted by the devices of a stage-manager; for the illustrations of this "Plevna" are presented to the public through the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Graphic*, whose special artist and correspondent, Mr. F. Villiers, has been made responsible for the correctness of the display at the Canterbury. And herein lies the pleasure in witnessing this entertainment; we are all familiar with the word-painting of the various newspaper correspondents, but these can never produce the realisation in the same manner as the brush can. So that when we view the panorama, as done from Mr. F. Villiers's sketches, we feel the satisfaction of knowing that the pictures are correct. Indeed, at the present time, such an exhibition, so carefully executed as this one is, is of vast importance to our knowledge of the geography of the war. Nor does it end here, for the costumes, uniforms, and military displays are all accurate in their minutest detail.

The panorama opens with (1) a view of Constantinople, which grades down to (2) the same, with a capital sunset effect, leading to a (3) landscape, which brings us to a very effective moon-light view of Adrianople (4). The varied costumes of the Turks are here well depicted. A daybreak scene (5) on the road to Philippopolis, leads up to (6) Philippopolis itself, after which we have the interior of a Turkish Harem (7), with a brilliantly dressed ballet; in tone of colour, this is marked with much excellence, and though the management evidently was not desirous of making the dance of the ladies of the Harem too prominent a feature, still, with the services of Mdlles. Phillis, Broughton, and Rompto, an effective interlude is brought about. Scene 8 brings us to an approach near Tartar Basarjie, at daylight, with a later scene (9) of Tartar Basarjie, introducing the peasants, and Bashi-Bazouks described in the programme as "the Vultures of War." On the road to Sofia (10) with (11) Sofia itself, we first hear the distant roll of the drum, and clash of arms, with a grand entry of some six regiments of Turkish Infantry. It is here where admiration for the correctness of the uniforms must become most markedly evinced. The accoutrements of the troops, their standards and rallying flags, their arms—all testify to the magnitude of the care which must have been devoted to their completion, and instruction. Under the able guidance of a General, the troops go through the usual military evolutions with a correctness and uniformity of time which brings forth, as indeed it could not help doing, the reiterated applause of the audience. Their leaving the stage, we find the panorama has advanced to (12) a scene called Through the Balkans, where we have a spirited view of the advance of the Russians, leading up to an almost photographic view—so true are the likenesses of (13) the Emperor of Russia's staff; and it may here be remarked, as evidence of the feelings of the audience, or their sympathies, that whereas nothing but applause and cheering has followed the wake of events so far, now nothing but a prolonged hissing is the reception given to the Russians. The panorama here winds off, disclosing the full depth of the stage, as in front of (14) Plevna, evening. In the distance, in the hollow, the lights of the town are to be seen, while from the grim rows of far and near redoubts, the continued fire of cannon is being warmly kept up. In the foreground, surveying the scene, is a Russian general surrounded by his staff; having arrived at the conclusion to attack the Gavitz Redoubt, the call for the advance is sounded, and we have the artillery—not toy-guns, but genuine cannon—run up the slopes, and a fierce bombardment from without is replied to vigorously from within. The whole hillside is alive with the belching of the artillery; now and again the fitful flames leaping from the Gavitz Redoubt under the influence of the bursting shells—and anon the Russian Infantry, again in the perfection of equipment, come on and

nimbly scale the heights, blazing with their rifles as they rise on the incline. Line after line ascends, with, here and there, a break in the otherwise even line, as a soldier drops out, wounded or dead. The noise and smoke is deafening, when, with a fierce yell, the Turkish troops break from their quarters, and the piece changes into the wild enthusiasm of a battle scene—the climax selected being the unsuccessful attack of the Russians on the 18th of September last. Following this, comes a well-conceived tableau of (15) after the battle—moonlight.

As the most correct, and, indeed, only picture of the war yet represented to us, this diorama of Plevna claims an especial attention, and the, probably, popular idea of varied scenes of customary noise and red fire constituting the entertainment, must be wholly left out of the question. In the scene where the Turkish soldiery goes through its drill—manual and bayonet exercise—nothing could exemplify more readily the aptitude of the British boy to become the British soldier, for here are some three or four hundred boys, collected indiscriminately, working through their drill with a precision which would stand comparison with trained men—calling forth, at all events, the greatest credit to Drill-Sergeant White, of the Grenadier Guards, who has been responsible for their instruction in the military manoeuvres. Nor should the excellent quality of the scenery, as painted by the well-known artist, Mr. W. Hann, be passed in any cursory manner; nor the taste exhibited in the harmony of the dresses in the ballet, as worked out by Miss Yates; the appropriate music by Mr. Frewin, supported by his well selected orchestra; the labours of Mr. Tressider, the stage-manager, no less than to the able supervision of Mr. Villiers himself, whose exertions in the complete working out of an admirably conceived plan of action, has been the means of laying before the public an entertainment which not only bears the ingredients of amusement, but which has incorporated in its design much that is instructive. In a word, "Plevna" is a big success.

At a recent performance by the members of the Halbrake Dramatic Club of *London Assurance*, Miss Z. Herbert made a great success in the part of "Lady Gay Spanker."

Next week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain the following illustrations: Portrait of Miss Lizzie Coote, of the Princess's Theatre, Manchester—"I thought he wouldn't and he didn't," by J. Sturges—Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Aquarium, Westminster, two pages of sketches by Dower Wilson—Our Captious Critic's Sketches at the Strand Theatre—The Theatrical House that Jack Built, No. 6, "Old Utility"—After a Bad Day—"Stop Thief!"—A Good Shot—Walker's New Artillery Battery and Gun Carriage for Railways—English Composers; No. 3, Alfred Cellier—Scenes from famous Plays and Operas. No. 15, "Maynon."—Out in the Snow.

**LIFE SAVING REWARDS.**—At the last committee of the Royal Humane Society, Admiral Sir F. Nicolson, Bart., in the chair, A. F. Hawes, F. Hilder, E. Bedford, Esqs., Admiral Nolloth, Major O'Chetton, Mr. Case, J. A. Hallett, Esqs., Hamilton Young, secretary—the following awards were voted:—*Silver Medal* to M. F. Labat, for swimming out in a rough sea, at Biaritz, to the assistance of two young men, and saving the life of one.—*Bronze Medal* to J. Coulson, for saving Eliza Watkin, who had attempted suicide in the River Esk, at Montrose, on the 7th September last.—*Bronze Medal* to R. Coulson, for saving four men by swimming backward and forward several times to a wreck, at Hartlepool, on the 24th November last.—*Bronze Medal* to H. Monger, aged 14, for swimming to and diving for W. Taylor, R.A., who sank in the sea near Kurrachee, India, on the 3rd June, and bringing him safely ashore.—*Bronze Medal* to F. R. Ward, an Eton boy, for swimming a rapid river in Switzerland, and saving the lives of two young ladies, Miss E. E. Hyle and Miss S. A. C. Ward. Mr. Ward was encumbered with shooting clothes and apparatus at the time, and went into the river as he was.—*Bronze Medals* to Mr. A. G. Archer, for jumping into the sea, at Fitzroy river, Australia, and saving the life of a Chinaman, who had jumped into the strong current to commit suicide on the 4th September last.—*Testimonial on Vellum* to R. Catterby, for saving the life of Emily T. Chesterton, who had attempted suicide in the river Cam, Cambridgeshire, on the 10th November last.—*Testimonials on Vellum* to Mr. J. H. Gillespie and Mr. R. Thompson, for saving the life of a child that had fallen into the river Carren, at Stonehaven, on the 21st August last.

### REVIEWS.

*Logrono: a Metric Drama in Two Acts.* By FREDERICK CERNY. Illustrated by T. Walter Wilson. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward and Co. Although no internal evidence shows that this work has been intended for the stage, Mr. Cerny's romantic story has in it much of that material which is requisite for a thoroughly good acting tragedy. It is based upon the third chapter in the third edition of George Borrow's "The Gypsies of Spain," and deals with characters and incidents of a stirring description. The situations are full of dramatic force, the characters picturesque and well-defined, and the situations such as would find favour in the eyes of many a stage-manager as well as many a lady and gentleman desirous of stirring the feelings and winning the applause of an audience. The illustrations are remarkably well-drawn and cleverly designed. That which we have selected by way of specimen illustrates one of the most touching episode of the play, that in which the feelings of the persecuted gypsy are intensified into frenzy by having to choose between a lover, to whom she owes more than life, and the mother, who has ever been the truest, most tender, and devoted of loving parents. The mother, in her last appeal to the daughter, says:—

Between, then, the love of thy mother  
And that of this boy hast thou chosen.  
The love of a score of slow seasons  
For that of one hour hast thou barter'd.  
Did I not bear thee in anguish,  
Tend thee in want and in sickness,  
Shield thee from blasts of the tempest,  
The pitiless rays of the noonday,  
Tear from my shivering bosom  
The last tatter'd fragment to wrap thee,  
When the snow and the sleet pelted on us?  
Yea! as thou grewest in beauty,  
From evils more dreaded I shielded.  
Far from the eyes of the wanton,  
Remote in the dell and the forest,  
Thou grewest in purity ever.  
And love such as this dost thou trample,  
Devotion like this dost thou scorn,  
For madness of one foolish moment.

*The Captain's Cabin.* By the author of *Ginx's Baby*. A Christmas Yarn. London and Belfast: William Mullin & Son.

We are not amongst those who cry out against a story with a purpose, unless the purpose swamps the story, in which case we think we have rightful cause of complaint. The author of *Ginx's Baby* has written stories with a purpose, and he has at times also given us a purpose with a story. We have always preferred the former kind of stories. The present is an excellent story, not altogether without purpose, but one in which the interest of the reader will be won rather by the incidents and characters, both admirably devised and realised, than by anything outside the ordinary domain of story-telling.

ON Wednesday His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian, and other guests were out shooting.

The members of the Lyceum Company, at the conclusion of Mr. Irving's tour, presented Mr. Joseph Chambers, their acting manager, with a diamond ring in recognition of his courtesy and attention to their comforts during the campaign.

HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR, accompanied by General Sir Charles Ellice, Adjutant General of the forces, and Colonel Sturt, commanding the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, was present at the Canterbury, on Saturday last, to witness the representation of "Plevna."

**HEAL ALL!**—For Bruises, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Lumbago, &c., no embrocation equals "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, rs. 12d. per bottle.—[ADVT.]

**RISKS IN LAMING AND CALVING.**—Wherever animals are kept there are sure to be ailments to deal with, and more especially in the lambing and the cow calving season, when colds, chills, inflammations, and fevers, debility and diarrhoea, and deadly gripping pains make their distressing appearance. But happily Day, Son, and Hewitt's "Red Drench" is the great blood cleanser and aperient, and a sure remedy for inflammation, Fever, &c., while the "Gaseous Fluid" is the great pain destroyer in Colic and Spasms, and the true remedy for Exhaustion, Debility, and Diarrhoea in all animals.—22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

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### SUSSEX OPEN COURSING MEETING, PLUMPTON.

(UNDER THE NATIONAL COURSING RULES.)

On MONDAY, February 4, 1878, to Course the following days, at Mr. Case's, Plumpton, when the following Stakes will be run for:—

The SOUTHERN CUP for 32 Dogs and Bitches (all Ages), at £10 ros. each, p.p.  
The PLUMPTON STAKES for 32 Dog and Bitch Puppies, at £5 ros. each, p.p.  
The DITCHLING STAKES for 16 Dogs and Bitches (all Ages), at £4 ros. each, p.p.  
The STREET PLACE STAKES for 16 Dog and Bitch Puppies, at £4 ros. each, p.p.  
Ten per cent. will be deducted for expenses.

Application for Nominations to be made to the Hon. Sec., accompanied with a cheque for the amount, without which none will be granted, an early application for which is requested. Only single Nominations in each Stake will be given, unless on the day of the draw any should remain vacant.

The entry will close at 3 p.m. on Monday, February 4th, 1878, at the Old Ship Hotel, Brighton. The Draw will take place immediately afterwards.

Dinner on the Table at Six p.m. punctually. Tickets 5s.

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To name to the Hon. Sec., at the "Red Lion," Lambourne, before 4 o'clock p.m., on Monday, the 25th February, 1878, after which the Draw will take place.

The LAMBOURNE STAKES, for 16 Dogs and Bitches of 1876, at £4 ros. each, p.p.  
The COMPTON STAKES, for 16 all-aged Dogs and Bitches, at £4 ros. each, p.p.

To close on Tuesday, 26th February, at 6 o'clock.  
Applications for Nominations to be made to the Hon. Sec., accompanied with a cheque for the amount, without which none will be granted.

Double Nominations not granted.

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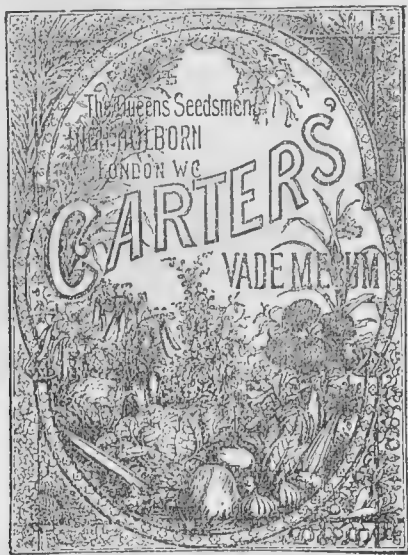


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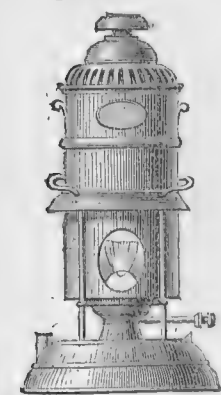
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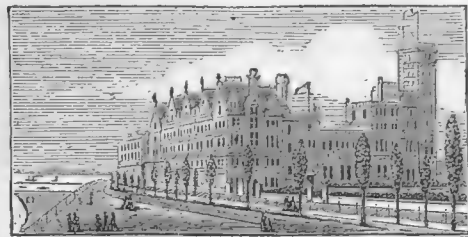
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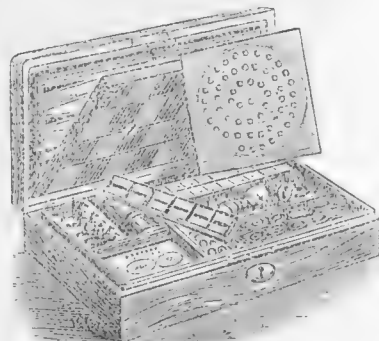
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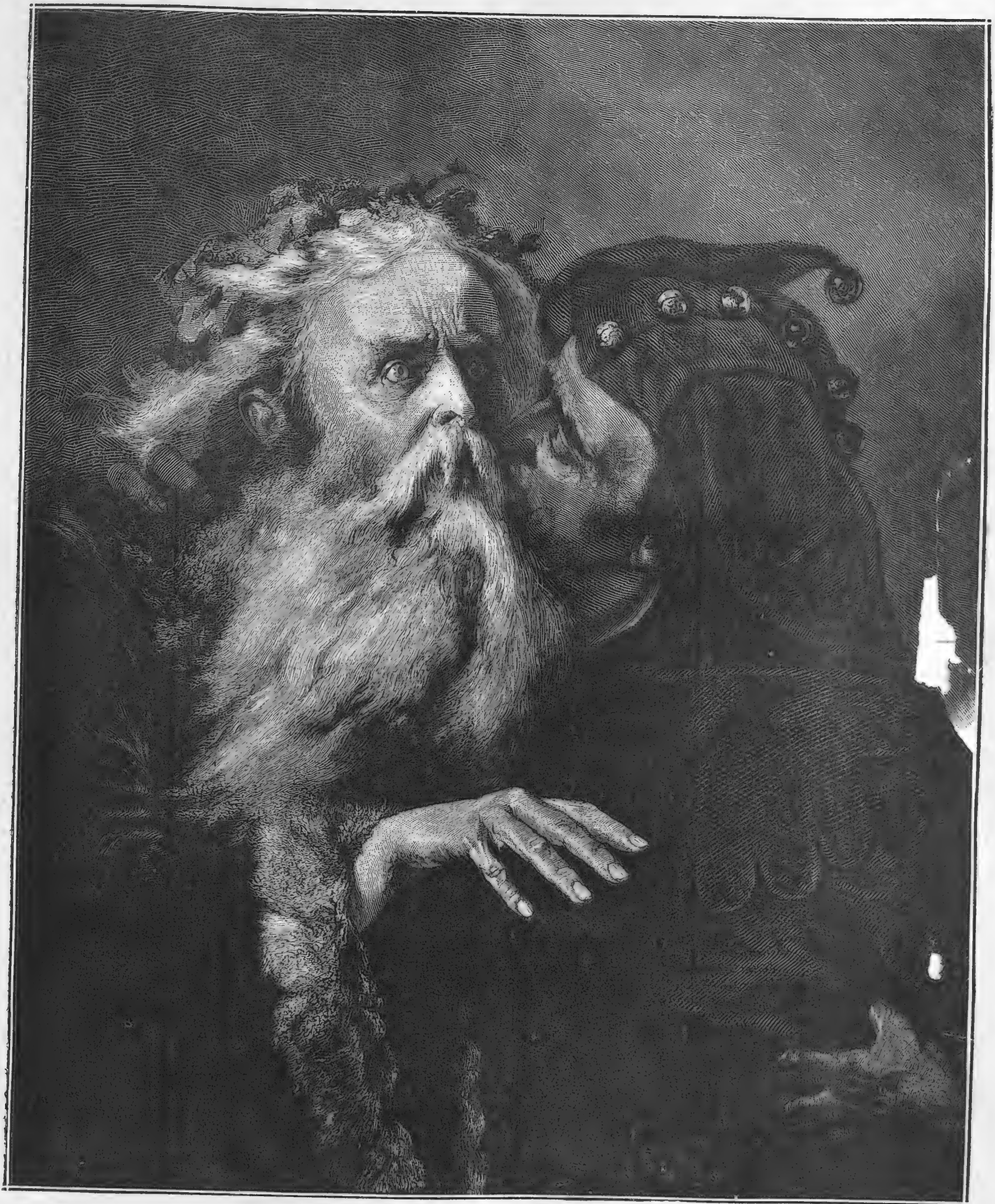
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KING LEAR AND THE JESTER.

KING LEAR.— . . . . Come, your hovel,  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

CAPTAIN C.—John Fawcett's farewell benefit took place on May 20th, 1830, at Covent Garden Theatre. He died on March 30th, 1837, aged 68.

SOLO.—*Legacy Hunting* was an English adaptation from the French of *Les Heritiers*, produced at the Olympic Theatre in 1840.

W. ALLEN.—Miss Lighton made her first appearance on March 28th, 1874, as Julia, in *The Nun's Story*, at the Queen's Theatre.

PROTEUS.—As between 1570 and 1620 seventeen playhouses were erected in and about London, we cannot credit the assertion. Upon what authority is it based? We know none who support it.

JOSEPH SIDONS.—The original Macheath was Tom Walker, of whom the following story is told. In his time it was the regular custom to announce on each night the performances for the night following. Tom Walker having "to give out the play" one night, had made his bow and began—"Ladies and Gentlemen, to-morrow," when a gentleman interposed reminding him that the next day would be Sunday. Confused by this public correction and the laugh which followed, he resumed, after a second bow, "On Monday night next will be performed the historical play of *King Henry the Eighth*, containing the divorce of Anna Bullen, the marriage of Queen Catherine, and the death of Mrs. Bicknell, for the benefit of Cardinal Wolsey." He died in 1744. The part of Macheath was originally cast for Quin, but he refused it. In that amusing, old-fashioned book, "Wine and Walnuts," we read, "Poor Walker was a great humourist, a member of many convivial clubs, who shortened his life by long drinking."

A.—They are usually borrowed for the night of some neighbouring chemist.

SPORTING.

V. B.—The horse was secretly buried at night, and his grave carefully concealed, but some sporting resurrectionists dug him up to get a look at his mouth, and so prove, what was generally believed, that he was not four but over six years old. They only found that the horse had been buried without the lower jaw. He was bred in Germany. 2. The pedigree runs as follows:—In 1756, Julia, by Blank, was bred by Mr. Paulton, of Newmarket fame—her pedigree running back not only to Bay Bolton, Darby's Arabian, and the Byerly Turk, but beyond the Lord Protector Cromwell's White Turk to the Taffolet Barb, and the natural Barb's mare. At seven years' old, in the stud of the Duke of Grafton, she produced Promise, by Snap. Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names, after the manner of fox-hounds, all begin with the letter P, the first letter of the mare's name, and she is said to have realised to the Grafton family little short of £100,000. In fact, all breeders of race-horses try for a stain of the justly celebrated Prunella.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. A.—There is nothing improbable in it. The population of New York, in the United States, between the years 1790 and 1870 increased from thirty-four thousand to nine hundred and fifty-nine thousand, and in nineteen years the City of Baltimore increased from thirteen to forty-six thousand.

B. A. S.—The word has its history. The ancient practice of performing

church service in an artificial tone, chanting, was imitated by the old beggars, who asked charity in the name of God; and their mode of supplication, at first also called chanting, degenerating into a whine, became known as canting, a word which, in time, came to be applied to all kinds of artificial and hypocritical utterances.

F. L. DRUMTON.—You will find a very interesting and particular account of the last minutes of Governor Wall, in John Smith's "Book for a Rainy Day."

H. WEST.—1. Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, John Milton's grand-daughter, died of an asthma and dropsy, in Islington, on the 9th of May, 1750, and was buried in Tindal's ground, Burkhill Fields, on the 14th of the same month. 2. "The Lyra Ecclesiastica," edited by the Rev. Joshua Fawcett.

X.—1. No. 2. The history of London can hardly begin before, inasmuch as we have no mention of it in any record earlier than that of Tacitus.

3. In the reign of the Emperor Nero, when his general, Suetonius Paulinus, was engaged in a long series of terrible and bloody struggles against the ancient inhabitants of this country, and when, as we learn from Tacitus, London was "much celebrated for the abundant resort of merchants with their stores, although," says that old historian, "it was not, at that time, dignified by the name of a colony."

L. J. C.—1. See the late Thomas Wright's "Archæological Album." 2. In Brown's "Vulgar Errors," and in "The World of Wonders," edited by Albany Poyntz, the title of which was borrowed by Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, for a later volume, which we have not seen, but which, probably, also contains it.

ALFRED WHITE.—1. Not probable. In 1802, Lord Nelson was residing at Merton on leave of absence, the peace of Amiens having reduced him to half-pay, and he remained on shore about twelve months. 2. Yes.

C. C. W.—Your note has been forwarded to Mr. Dower Wilson.

E. W. F. (Camberwell).—We are unable to avail ourselves of your offer.

E. W.—The *Echo* is only striving to please its customers and share the distinction won by G. W. M. Reynolds and others of that ilk. If "Noblesse Oblige" would do for our Old Mobility as much as he is now doing for our Old Nobility, he might convince the ignorant that our ancestors, plebeian and aristocratic, were alike and altogether a worthless lot, but to others he would merely show how cheap and easy it is to please the living by slandering the dead. There are two sides to most things, and our ancestors high and low were no exception to that rule. *Ne quid nimis*. "Noblesse Oblige" is lopsided, and has but one eye.

A. R. TURNBULL.—Maw-ul-hyat is a strong aromatic spirit distilled from oranges, sugar, and other vegetable substances of which the Turk may lawfully partake, and on which it is by no means difficult to get drunk.

D. P. O.—"The Whisperer" who had a curious faculty of taming the most unmanageable horses by whispering in their ears, was an Irishman.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878.

It will be agreed on all hands that there can be no better opportunity for people to set their houses in order than when a period of inactivity in business matters has been reached, and leisure is afforded us of looking round and taking stock, so as to make a fresh start when the day arrives for buckling on our harness once more, and setting to work again with a will. If this be true as regards business matters, it may be said to apply with equal force to all things requiring reform and reorganisation; and among these we may reckon the Turf, which year by year waxes in importance in proportion as its supporters increase and multiply. As a consequence of this increment, it becomes more than ever necessary that good order should prevail in the many departments by means of which sport is carried on, and the affairs of the Turf administered. Among these it will be readily conceded that betting occupies a leading position, for although as yet it is uncontrolled by the great administrative body of the Turf, it has long since been virtually inseparable from its interests, and must therefore be regarded as the *alter ego* of racing, in accordance with a famous maxim enunciated on that behalf some half century ago. We have frequently pointed out the monstrous anomaly existing in the recognition of racing by the Jockey Club and the repudiation of betting transactions by that body, owing to which any reform contemplated by the Ring must of necessity proceed from the individuals forming that speculative society, and not from without, as in the pursuit to which betting is auxiliary. It may be all very well for bookmakers to say that things have jogged along satisfactorily so far, and that no changes or reforms are required; but the outside public fail to take this happy-go-lucky view of the matter, and as supporters of the Ring claim that the men with whom they transact business shall at least look after the credit and well-being of the fellowship to which they belong, and endeavour by all means in their power to see justice done to their numerous clients.

There has long existed at many meetings a state of things in the highest degree disgraceful, and reflecting not only upon the characters of those who perpetrate, but of those also which tolerate, such abuses under their very noses in almost every ring throughout the country. So-called "Tattersall's enclosures" have, in too many cases, long since become mere myths, and a very scorn and derision to those who frequent them for the purpose of trading with substantial knights of the pencil. Outsiders would scarcely credit our assertion, made most positively and from direct personal experience, that the spectacle is a frequent one of well-known and respected members of Tattersall's, and other clubs of good repute, rubbing shoulders with the veriest scum of the betting fraternity, loud in manners as in dress, with language as foul as their reputation, and not unfrequently trading upon the good names of those with whom they mix without protest or remark. We are not now arguing from isolated cases, but from incidents of every-day occurrences to which most of our sporting contemporaries are compelled to bear witness, while over and over again has the cry arisen from deluded backers, demanding the abatement of this terrible nuisance, and the expulsion from decent society of the welsher gang. At certain meetings, where few or none of the Tritons of the Ring care to disport themselves, these slippery nuisances defiantly rule the roast, cheating their dupes with impunity, and openly deriding all attempts to make them disgorge their prey. They have things all their own way, and the consequence is that respectable and solvent bookmakers not only suffer in reputation from contact with such scoundrels, but have at present no means of freeing themselves from such objectionable companions. Enemies of the Turf hold up to well-deserved hatred and contempt the harpies which infest ring and rails; but along with these suffer also the safe and solvent men, like storks, among the crows; and thus false ideas get abroad of the state of Turf society, and all connected with betting, be they rogues or honest, are tarred with the same impartial brush, hitherto spotless characters being blackened by contact with baser associates.

We have often wondered that no steps have been taken by "leviathans" and other men of mark among the me-

tallicians to purge the enclosures, of which they profess to be the ruling spirits, of those evil associations which, indirectly no doubt, but none the less certainly, affect their social status as members of society. Such an omission displays an apathetic indifference to their own as well as to the public interests, and there is nothing whatever to prevent men above reproach in betting circles and leading members of the recognised clubs from forming themselves into a committee of repression, to which should be delegated the task of devising measures for the common protection of the fraternity of fielders. All hope of interference from without must have been abandoned long ago, and in many respects it would be better that the initiative should be taken by those really most interested in the preservation of their fair fame and good name. It is, we presume, the old story over again, that everybody's business is nobody's business, and so matters get from bad to worse, until scoundrels of the blackest type carry on their infamous trade with impunity in the very midst of those who should be the first to resent so undesirable an intrusion. We can conceive no more fatal kind of apathy than this, all the more remarkable because the merest selfish motives should have sufficed to dispel it; and colour is thus given to sweeping statements and vague hints that betting men are "all much of a muchness," and that black sheep largely preponderate in the flock. For this the real leaven and salt of the Ring have only themselves to thank, and it will be surprising indeed if, in a very short space of time, they do not find their accustomed places too hot to bear by reason of a welsher invasion, when they must awake to a sense of their position, not too late, perhaps, but late enough for the evil to have assumed more formidable dimensions than at present. The more respectable clerks of courses and managers of meetings have already effected a reform in the matter of "Tattersall's enclosures," and if some sharks be found greedy enough to fill their pockets with the ill-gotten gains of welters, public exposure will soon convince them of the error of their ways. The whole process of expurgation is really so simple and straightforward, that it might seem superfluous to sketch out any plan by which a campaign against the rogues and vagabonds might be commenced with the best chance of success. A small and energetic committee might carry the thing through at once, and that "where there's a will there's a way" was happily exemplified at the Ascot meeting of 1877, when Lord Hardwicke gave the word for clearing the select enclosure of the scum of society which had invaded it; and it is notorious that all objectionable characters can speedily be "spotted" and expelled by experienced officials accustomed to attend race meetings and to exercise their authority at the entrances to stands and rings. The sympathy and co-operation of all classes of racing men would be with those banded together for the purpose of purifying the Ring; and thus a fatal blow would be dealt against the offenders, who not only pollute those with whom they come in contact, but divert lawful gains from those entitled to reap the harvest of their industry. We heartily commend the adoption of some such scheme as the above to those having at heart the good repute of legitimate bookmakers; and no better time than the present could be found for setting it on foot, now that genuine speculation is at a dead lock, and nothing but a few desultory wagers are recorded from Tattersall's and the clubs. If another racing vacation passes by without some steps being taken by leading bookmakers to protect their own interests and those of their customers, we shall be forced to the conclusion that there is something in the state of Denmark even more rotten than has been hinted at; and we make this appeal in order that men of standing and respectability may be induced to come to the front at once, thus publicly repudiating all connection with the impostors whose "little games" they have hitherto indirectly aided and abetted, and setting themselves right with those whose interests it is their duty as well as policy to protect.

MR. ENDERBY JACKSON, a well known English maestro, who has been engaged for the management of Gilmore's grand concert tour of Europe, has arrived in this country, and is making active preparations for the departure of the band. He states that the visit of this popular American musical organisation is anticipated with much pleasure in the old country, and that if the band goes out under proper auspices our people will be honoured by its achievements.—*New York Herald*.

AN Act of Parliament came into force on Tuesday last, the 1st proximo, to amend the law relating to game in Scotland. By the new law a lessee is protected from excessive damage by the game of his lessor, and is to be entitled to compensation. Such matters may be settled by arbitration. A lessee in actual occupation may kill hares without a game certificate, and limit his authority to one other person.

THE *New York Herald* announces that the rowing crew of the Columbia University, at New York, propose to visit England early in the spring to compete at the Henley Regatta; subsequently proceeding to Paris to enter for the matches on the Seine during the International Exhibition.

A horse, that is at present in Lord Dunraven's possession, has gone through a strange number of vicissitudes in his time. Lord Dunraven—then Lord Adair—acted during the Abyssinian War as a special correspondent, and was carried through the campaign by a very powerful charger. Some time afterwards, this horse came into the possession of Mr. Stanley, and was with him when he met Livingstone. Subsequently, Mr. Stanley sold it when he reached the coast, and the horse was shipped to Liverpool, where it was purchased by an American horse-dealer, and was transported to New York. Lord Dunraven, when on his way back from a sporting tour in the far West, saw, and recognized his old friend, purchased the hero of so many travels, and now the veteran has returned to England, and will live in the paddock for the rest of his days.

SOME few days since, a large eagle was seen hovering about Windsor Great Park, and it was observed to settle itself upon the Castle. Information of the fact having been communicated to Prince Christian, his Royal Highness, accompanied by several keepers, endeavoured to shoot it, but without success, for the bird escaped. In order, if possible, to capture it a trap was laid, into which it subsequently entangled itself, but tore itself away, leaving one of its toes in the mesh.

THE HARSH WINDS, BITING FROSTS, and contracting effects of cold, render the skin at this period a painful source of solicitude, and require the frequent application of that mild and infallible specific, ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, which will preserve it in health and beauty amid the most trying vicissitudes of the season.—Sold by chemists at 4s. 6d. per bottle.—[ADVT.]

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# The Humours of the Past Month December 1877



"Cattle Show week"

950<sup>th</sup> Night of "Our Boys"



- But this is a matter of History



Removal of the Old Bar, the "Doctors" ghost walk



A Suggestion for the present Chimney Stack fashion

Here they are again!!



To be unravelled on the 17<sup>th</sup> persons,



"Stolen Kisses" the reward of Merritt

Schoolmaster Time, "Well, well, we'll see what sort of boy you turn out this time next month."

Sketch by Dec 1877

I did not return I should probably never do so, made my way through the gloom and rain of a dreary winter evening to a railway station; gave the puzzled and curious clerk my one golden coin, telling him to give me eightpence and a ticket for any place to which the remainder of the sovereign would take me, and soon after was once more in a railway carriage, thundering and hissing away through the darkness to somewhere northward—I knew not and I cared not where. The eightpence was a coward's thought, conceived as I placed my only coin upon the clerk's counter, and I was thoroughly ashamed of it.

Referring to my ticket, I found chance was carrying me to a station near the terminus of the line, that of an obscure little watering-place in the East Riding of Yorkshire, of which I knew nothing, beyond the fact that it was a place of remote antiquity. After some few hours travelling, the train became for a time express, rocking to and fro with startling violence, as it pursued its way.

But to me the journey was frightfully long and wearisome. The torture of sitting there in the dim light listening to the dreary wind and the monotonous noises of the train, with my mind still in a whirl of terror, and all my restless, feverish impulses prompting me to energetic action, and violent muscular exercise, was awful. I contrived, by desperate efforts, to retain my seat, although my companions must have thought me singularly fidgety. They were two, an elderly lady and a young clergyman, who soon became talkative. To avoid joining their conversation I feigned sleep, and at last, worn out with excitement and want of rest, I slept in reality, soundly. I awoke with a shiver, but calm and refreshed. The first faint indications of coming dawn were visible in the east, and there was a rushing sound of heavy rain in my ears. The lady had gone, and the young clergyman had made himself comfortable in a corner of the carriage, where he was fast asleep and snoring loudly.

I lit my pipe and had a long really enjoyable smoke, such as I had not had for some days, and it did me good. It will be all right, thought I, my old vigour of thought and rock-like stability are returning. I shall pull through after all. London shall once more receive me—hungry, ragged, and footsore perhaps—but once again my old cool, self-contained, independent, impudent self. I shall turn up at the clubs, laugh and joke once more amongst my old confidants, and resume work, if not with limberly, on the Daily, something or other. By and bye I shall also resume my visits to the Major, to gossip midnight hours away as of old, over his famous punch-bowl.

And as my thoughts drifted on and on, and the smoke of my pipe curled upwards, I again grew drowsy, fancy took the reins of reason, and carried me to and fro amongst scenes and images of the hopeless past into the hopeless future; until at last, when I was scarcely conscious of being awake, there came a vision of a snug, homelike, yet elegantly furnished apartment, where sat the major's daughter, no longer known by her father's name, some few years older than she was when I last saw her, but with her sweet oval face, soft blue eyes, and her wealth of fair hair, like sunshine upon gold, her voice, as sweet as ever, singing a lullaby to something—in a cradle, as Arthur came in from his painting room. Arthur, the dear good boy with whom I was once foolish enough to quarrel in a nasty purposeless way, for which I had ever since been thoroughly penitent. But that was all forgotten and forgiven. There was trouble in the vision now, which increased; but my fancy would not be restrained. I heard in a vague, far-off way a knocking at the door, and then saw another figure (my own) looking tenderly down into the cradle at the baby whom he knew was destined to call him, without the slightest right to do so, Uncle Jack! And what an uncle I shall be, to be sure—with pockets always full of toys, and cakes, and sweets, for her—and afterwards for her brothers and sisters, and—here the trouble was too great for endurance—my pipe fell, scattering its ashes as it descended—I was on my feet—wide awake—crying aloud:

"Never, never! he would be a serpent in their paradise, a devil in disguise!"

With a cry of pain and a great thud, I fell back heavily into my seat. And there was I, the newly-made-strong and hopeful, as weak as ever—weak! for I was sobbing and crying, with my face buried in my hands.

My cry of anguish awoke the clergyman. He started up terrified. Throwing aside his rug he gazed at me with wildly distended eyes and a vague idea of something being very wrong somewhere, until he perceived my state, and said kindly and anxiously,—

"What's the matter, my dear sir; are you ill?"

My reply was harsh and rude. He said no more, and in a few minutes the train stopped. The station announced was that I was to descend at. With a gruff "Good night," I got out into the bitter wind and rain, as he, with the amiability of his profession, courteously replied:—

"Good night, sir; I wish you better!"

So the train went on, leaving me exposed on that shelterless platform in the darkness, where the wind was whistling with remorseless keenness, and the icy rain still falling. In the distance I could hear the moaning of the sea—a dreary sound. The shivering porter, anxious to begone, told me the little watering place I wanted was just two miles from the station, and pointed along a miry uphill road, dimly visible in the ghastly light of the early dawn. And so with eightpence in my pocket I commenced the application of my counter-irritant, and thought in my wretchedness that it promised very fairly.

(To be continued.)

THE German Gymnastic Society's annual treat and distribution of suitable presents to children, mostly belonging to families of the working classes living in the neighbouring model lodgings, took place on Boxing-night at the Turnhalle, which was, as on former occasions, well filled with ladies and gentlemen belonging to the society. After the children, numbering more than 300, had formed a circle round the gigantic Christmas-tree, sparkling with lights, and the tables covered with toys and other objects, proceedings were commenced with an appropriate address by the Rev. Mr. Meyer. About 25 poor German children from the Islington district were also invited, and were highly delighted with the entertainment.

At a committee meeting of the Cricketers' Fund Friendly Society, held recently, it was decided to play the annual match, North v. South, for the benefit of the society, on June 6th, 7th, and 8th, on Prince's Ground, the use of which Messrs. Prince have again given for the benefit of the fund. Mr. W. G. Grace will select the eleven for the South, and R. Daft for the North.

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour, imparting to it new life, growth, and lustrous beauty. Its action is certain and thorough, quickly banishing greyness. It is not a dye. It ever proves itself the natural strengthener of the Hair. Its superiority and excellence are established throughout the world. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. MRS. S. A. ALLEN has for over 40 years manufactured these two preparations. They are the standard articles for the Hair. They should never be used together, nor Oil nor Pomade with either. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM, a simple Tonic and Hair Dressing of extraordinary merit for the young. Premature loss of the Hair, so common, is prevented. Prompt relief in thousands of cases has been afforded where Hair has been coming out in handfuls. It cleanses the hair and scalp and removes Dandruff. Sold by all Chemist and Perfumers.—[Advrt.]

## MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

THE second entertainment given by this club took place on board H.M.S. "Agincourt," the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, on Friday, December 7th, at Besika Bay, and was quite as successful, if not more so, than the first. A large stage had been erected on the upper deck, and being nicely decorated and well lighted, presented a most pleasing appearance. The performance was this time graced by ladies as spectators, the great thing wanting in all previous entertainments at Besika Bay. The programme ran as follows:—

### THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AMATEUR DRAMATIC COMPANY

will appear at 8 p.m. precisely, Friday, December 7th, 1877, in the laughable Farce of

#### TAMING A TIGER,

and the grand Nautical Musical Extravaganzical Burlesque, entitled the "Very Latest Edition of

#### BLACK-EYED SUSAN;

OR; THE LITTLE BILL THAT WAS TAKEN UP."

New scenery, new dresses, and new properties, prepared expressly for the occasion.

#### TAMING A TIGER.

General Chili Chutnee ..... Sub-Lieut. Hewetson.  
Charles Beeswing ..... Major Shanks, R.M.20  
Jacob Mutter ..... Sub-Lieut. Knapton.

#### 8.45. BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Lord High Admiral ..... Lieut. Hammet  
Captain Crosstree ..... Commr. Jackson.  
William ..... Sub-Lieut. Somerset.  
Hatchet ..... Lieut. Willcox.  
Raker ..... Lieut. Hill.  
Doggrass ..... Mr. Kay.  
Gnatbrain ..... Lieut. Masterman.  
Admiral of the Red ..... Mr. Read.  
Admiral of the Blue ..... Mr. Braddon.  
Admiral of the Yellow ..... Mr. Marescaux.  
Admiral of the White ..... Nav. Lieut. Scott.  
Admiral of the Black ..... Lieut. Hall, R.M.A.  
Shaun O'Ploughshare ..... Lieut. Rooke.  
Tom Tough ..... Mr. Penfold.  
Susan ..... Miss Hamilton.  
Dolly Mayflower ..... Miss Maud.  
Dame Hatley ..... Mrs. Rawson.

Sailors, Marines, &c., by Messrs. Knowles, Cubitt, Wortley, Crookshank, Willison, Robinson, Brady, Rushworth, Hewetson, Drayson, Wheeler, and Curry. Captains of Guard, Major Shanks, R.M.N.I.

#### SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

SCENE 1.—The Downs of Deal wherein a great deal is left to the grand effect of ordinary deals and the imagination. The management apologises for the cut of this deal, but do not wish to shuffle out of it.—Smugglers' compact—Virtuous Uncle—Will's character taken away, and a dance generally descriptive of Willany—Arrival of the British Squadron—Grand landing and arrival of Captain Crosstree—British Tars at Play—Love's Confessions—Arrival of an Irish Mail (not a Fenian)—Doubt, Delay, Delight (not Turkish), and Identification—General Joy, and Susan's left Tenant!—The above variety of sentiments expressed in a Quartette.

SCENE 2.—Interior of Dame Hatley's Cottage—The Widow's troubles—Struggle for Life—Purse used of, and Sue Pursued—The Art of Spouting—Stonyhearted Relative—The Bright Side of Villainy—Matrimonial Offer—Oh! for a small matter o'money—Impediment Husband's Arrival—Skipper interferes—Terrific Broadsword Combat.

SCENE 3.—Exterior of the Admiral Benbow Tavern—The Green-eyed Monster—Virtuous Uncle Attacked with Kleptomania—Captain's Resolve and Song—The Mazy Dance—Bacchus and Venus—Justifiable Homicide—Grand Tableau.

SCENE 4.—Beef Town, Besika Bay, excitement of everyone at being so far away—Susan's distress—Incipient madness—Can't we go by Railway—Marine Police exercise their vocation. The Victim's Uncle again picked up by Picket—Great Sensation, arrival of Fleet Telegram—The Signal, Oh! let's be off to the Ship.

SCENE 5.—The deck of the Polly-Phemus Court Martial—Prisoner claims his rights—Horse Marines to the rescue—Arrival of Witness—Woman's Rights—Dame unhappy—Character proven—Deep emotion—Verdict and Warrant—Virtue triumphant—Grand tableau.

The curtain falls on a scene of general satisfaction to everyone, including (we hope) the audience.

The farce, *Taming a Tiger*, opened the evening, and did so most effectively. Sub-Lieut. Hewetson's acting in the part of the choleric General Chili Chutnee, was capital, and Major Shanks (Charles Beeswing) and Sub-Lieut. Knapton (Jacob Mutter), sustained the fun of their respective parts very well.

Burnard's Burlesque *Black Eyed Susan*, the pièce de resistance, and the most ambitious attempt yet made by the company, followed, and went through without a single hitch, many of the songs being encored. Amongst the actors I must specially mention, "Mrs." Rawson, whose impersonation of the character of Dame Hatley was splendid, and who really "brought down the house." Mr. Kay, as Doggrass; Commander Jackson, as Captain Crosstree; Lieut. Willcox, as Hatchett, and "Miss" Hamilton, in the little rôle were very successful in their respective parts, and were frequently applauded. Nor must "William" be forgotten; this part was ably represented by Sub-Lieut. Somerset, who is all the more to be credited as he took the part at short notice, and did it like a man. "Miss" Maud made a pretty little Dolly Mayflower, and Lieut. Hill, as Raker, Lieut. Rooke, as Shaun O'Ploughshare, and Lieut. Masterman, as Gnatbrain, were also good. The closing scene, representing the Court Martial on William, was most amusing, Lieut. Hammett taking the part of Lord High Admiral, and Messrs. Braddon, Read, Hall, Scott, and Marescaux, the parts of the other Admirals.

The whole entertainment passed off most successfully and pleasantly, and great credit is due to Lieut. Willcox of the Hotspur, the indefatigable stage manager, for the trouble he takes in providing these fleet entertainments. Commander Festing's scene of Beef Town, Besika Bay, was capital and elicited loud applause. We are hoping for something good at Christmas time, and expect we shall not be mistaken.

THE Lord of Misrule had sway only over the castle in which he was elected, but King Pantomime rules over every household, and makes his presence felt in circles that dislike him, defest him, or ignore him. But Christmas is the children's festival, and King Pantomime is the children's king, and the children are his faithful feudatories, while all adult relations and friends are bond-slaves. Away go tragedy, high comedy, and melo-drama, to make room for *Puss in Boots*, *Goody Two Shoes*, *Cinderella*, and other nursery tales, tortured out of all likeness to the originals incomprehensible jumbles, but none the less acceptable to King Pantomime's faithful subjects, who don't care much for the story, but clap their little hands to the echo, and laugh "till their eyes drop brine," at Fairy Rose, and the Clown and the Policeman, and open their eyes in wide wonderment at the surpassing glories of the transformation scene. Well, we are willing to resign ourselves—for a time—to the gorgeous monarch, and to let the little ones "enjoy the spring of love and youth," for childhood soon passes, and with it all fairy allusions, all transformation scenes, all faith in weeping Cinderellas and persecuted Red Riding Hoods, "for ever, and for ever. But is not the reign of pantomime somewhat too prolonged? A month used to be considered enough; now till past the middle of February—long past the Christmas season—all legitimate drama shunted into a corner. We know there is one very substantial reason for this prolongation of the pantomime season, in the enormous expense entailed by the elaborately mounted spectacles of modern times. Still, the grievance remains, and it is a serious grievance.—*The West London Express*.

DAYLIGHT IN WORKSHOPS.—Chappuis' Patents.—69, Fleet-street.—[Advrt.]

## THE OLD CHANGE DRAMATIC CLUB.

It is seldom that amateurs attain a degree of perfection sufficient to justify their playing a comedy drama, such as the members of the Old Change Dramatic Club played on Friday, at the Royal Aquarium Theatre. The performance commenced with Maddison's Mortons farce, *A Regular Fix*, the principal characters being well sustained by Messrs. Lay, Town, & Shankland, after which was played, Albery's comedy, *The Two Roses*, notwithstanding its being one of the most difficult pieces for amateurs to attempt, it was played with great care, every part having been carefully studied and rehearsed.

The part of Digby Grant, the fallen gentleman, was most artistically and cleverly rendered by Mr. A. H. Lay, a gentleman, who, as an amateur, has done some good service on the stage, and to him must fall the honours of the evening. The quiet, steady-going lawyer, Mr. Furnival, was very cleverly represented by Mr. H. Smyth, who played with an easiness not generally found in amateurs; a clever sketch of the blind Caleb Decie, who, heedless of his affliction, makes puns and jokes, was given by Mr. W. T. Cherry. Jack Wyatt was fairly represented by Mr. Fairbank. Mr. H. Miles was very successful as Our Mr. Jenkins, Miss Kate Carlyon as Ida, Mrs. Stephens as Mrs. Jenkins, and Miss Miller as Mrs. Crupps. The house was crammed, the scenery and general arrangements were very good, and the result of the entertainment was a cheque for a hundred pounds for the Royal Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

## CRICKETERS' ENTERTAINMENT IN ONTARIO.

THE ladies and gentlemen who were instrumental in getting up the entertainment last night in Mechanics' Hall, under the auspices of the Cricket Club, are to be congratulated on the happy success of their efforts. The programme began with the farce of *Slasher and Crasher*, in which Mr. A. Simpson took the part of "Slasher" with the vivacity, humour, and confidence of a practised comedian; Mr. A. E. Plummer, as "Crasher," being also well suited to his character. Mr. A. F. MacGachen as "Sir Benjamin Blowhard" acted with pleasing animation, while Mr. R. A. Bull as "Lieut. Brown" did excellently. Miss Fenwick as "Rosa" acted her part with exceeding grace, and Miss Maggie Blackburn was no less effective as "Dinah." Both ladies were the recipients of floral tributes from the audience. The tableaux were arranged in excellent taste, and with a precise appreciation of the requirements of the subjects represented, the effect being greatly heightened by the glare of vari-coloured illuminations. They were as follows:—

#### TABLEAU—AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Auld Robin..... Mr. Geo. Macbeth.  
Faither..... Mr. H. V. Meredith.  
Jeannie..... Mrs. MacGachen.  
Mither..... Miss Maggie Blackburn.

#### TABLEAU—LOVE OR DUTY.

Giovanni..... Mr. H. V. Meredith.  
Signora Marietti..... Miss Roe.

#### TABLEAU—LAST MOMENTS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Earl of Leicester..... A. E. Plummer, Esq.  
Page..... T. H. Carling, Esq.  
Lord Burleigh..... H. V. Meredith, Esq.  
Sir A. Melvil..... L. H. Dampier, Esq.  
Sir A. Paulet..... H. Blackburn, Esq.  
Mary, Queen of Scots..... Miss Roe.  
Alice..... Miss Burwell.  
Gertrude..... Miss E. Burwell.

#### TABLEAU—STATUARY.

Vanity..... Miss L. Fenwick.  
Ruth..... Miss E. Burwell.  
Boaz..... H. Blackburn, Esq.  
Faith..... Miss Burwell.  
Hope..... Miss Blackburn.  
Charity..... Miss Maggie Blackburn.

The singing of Dr. Sippi was an agreeable variation of the entertainment. His song "My Queen," was loudly encored, when he gave "Marie" in very fine voice. Mr. Simpson, having succeeded so well in the farce, met with cordial greetings as he came out in a comic song, being encored. During the evening the Band of the 7th Battalion played with much acceptance the following programme:—

March—"Victoria." Waltz—"Fruhlings Lieder." "Rose"

—Mazourka. Waltz—"The Guards." "God save the Queen."

All present seemed to take much pleasure in the efforts of the amateurs, and their various talents were the subject of general eulogy.—*London (Ontario) Free Press*.

## JACKAL HUNTING IN INDIA.

HUNTING, or rather the love of hunting, is inbred in every Englishman; and wherever he happens to be he must hunt something. Whether it be in Canada after Moose, in Australia after Kangaroo, or in India after Jackal, hunt he must and will.

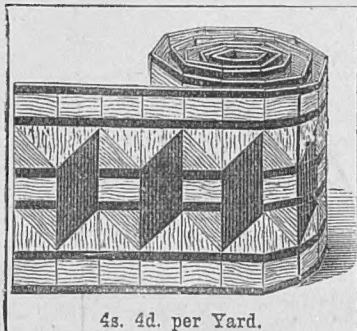
This must be my excuse for writing a few words about hunting in India, as well as sending you a sketch, not of "Master Reynard," but of "Mr. Jackal" breaking cover; the cover in this instance being a basket! The meet is near the racecourse of a "station," not one hundred miles from Mooltan, in the Punjab; the hounds are what is called a "bobbery pack," consisting of spaniels, deerhounds, and, in fact, any one of the canine tribe that can be got to follow the "Jackal." The meet is about 4 p.m., when any "white man or woman," who can get a mount from a great 16 hand Australian horse, called a "Walu," down to a little 12 hand Polo pony, called a "Tat," appear on the scene, all "eager for the fray." But hark! our gallant master shouts "Gone away!" and off we go. The first obstacle that comes in our way is a dry canal, about 20 feet deep, with very sandy banks; after a good deal of sliding and scrambling we reach the opposite side, and away we race over a very flat and sandy country, with a mud wall, ranging from 6 inches to 3½ feet, here and there, every now and then plunging nearly up to our saddle-girths in some newly watered field. At length, after a run of about six miles, we reach the banks of the Chenab river, into which the Jackal has plunged, two brave little spaniels after him, and after a good deal of snapping and snarling "Our Jackal" gets away from his pursuers, and we watch him being carried away by the current.

I must not forget to mention the celebrity of our pack, who may be seen in the left hand corner of the sketch; he rejoices in the name of "Rascal," and nothing will induce him to follow the other dogs until his master on "Jabberwock" moves, and then he rushes frantically after everything and anything but the Jackal!

"QUILP."

It is said that Christian Hohn, of New York, makes glass eyes for horses so naturally that they defy detection.

I SUPPOSE there are few of the inventions and greater undertakings of which we, in these days are so proud, that have not been foretold by men of letters. That Shakespeare foresaw the establishment of world-embracing telegraphic communication, is attested by one of the most familiar quotations in the language. But it is, I think, not generally known that Fielding clearly foresaw the establishment and uses of the Suez Canal. Looking the other day over a forgotten play of his, "Rape upon Rape," I find the proposal for a machine to carry ships on land about a hundred miles, and so prosecute the East India trade through the Mediterranean. M. de Lesseps provided the "machine" when he got the water to flow into the Suez Canal, and now of course the East India trade is almost exclusively prosecuted "through the Mediterranean."—*Mayfair*.



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DR. RICHARDSON, in his Lecture on HYGEIA, said, "In the sitting and bed-rooms a true oak margin of floor extends two feet round each room. Over this no carpet is ever laid. It is kept bright and clean by the old-fashioned process of bees-wax and turpentine, and the air is made fresh and ozonic by the process."

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UPHOLSTERERS, DECORATORS, AND CABINET MAKERS BY STEAM POWER,  
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HOLBORN VIADUCT HOTEL, Holborn Viaduct, London.  
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Cheese, Salad, and Attendance,  
from  
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## MAGNIFICENT

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at separate tables

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Elegant Dining Rooms for Private Parties.

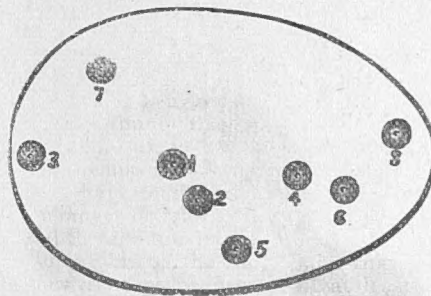


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Rifles exchanged if not approved of.



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£6 6s., with Damascus barrels, Stanton's Patent Re-  
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SOLE AGENTS,

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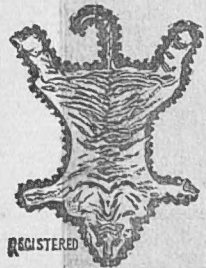
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